# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE EXTRA SESSION.

SOLID SOUTH (*his pinafore full of chestnuts*). "Silent be, again the Cat."

"Most of the Southern men are distressed to discover that Northern public sentiment holds the South responsible for all the absurd fuss of the last two months. They say that the policy of the extra session was not theirs, but that of Northern men exclusively; that it was opposed by the Southern men at first, and they only consented to it when the Northern Democrats assured them that it was necessary to their success in the Northern States; that to this plea they could make no answer, but that they constantly said to their Northern allies that the South needed no such legislation, nor any new issue or fresh excitement."—*From the New York Herald's Regular Washington Correspondent.*

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SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a double-page engraving relative to the English Derby, a page of sketches on the River Niger, and interesting reading matter.*

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## BY THE REPUBLICAN COUNCIL FIRES.

THE letter of Mr. SHERMAN dated May 10, 1879, and addressed to an old Democratic friend who had served with him in Congress, shows clearly that General GRANT "has no mortgage" upon the Republican nomination. The Republicans who favor his candidacy have assumed that there was virtually no other candidate, and a few weeks ago, at the time of the publication by the *Times* of its survey of the field, this assumption was very reasonable. Since that time, however, there has been a very positive change of feeling, and Mr. SHERMAN'S letter shows conclusively that he regards himself as a possible candidate, and does not consider the question closed. There is certainly no reason that he should, for it would not be possible to show that General GRANT is the only available candidate for the nomination. There is no Republican principle in the coming contest which many original and unwavering Republicans would not represent equally with General GRANT, and there is no executive duty which they would not discharge with as much intelligence and efficiency. It would be a pitiful confession that the party and the country were reduced to the necessity of taking any particular citizen for Chief Magistrate, and it could not be alleged that General GRANT is so pre-eminent among his fellow-citizens that the Presidency, by a kind of conspicuous fitness, devolves upon him as it devolved upon WASHINGTON. If that were the case, so long as his pre-eminence continued, the argument for his holding the office would be conclusive.

The Democratic course in Congress has now shown all intelligent men what may be fairly expected in the event of complete control of the government by that party. The opposition to its ascendency is necessarily the Republican party. There will be no third party, as the course of Judge DAVIS shows that he now plainly sees. Either the Democrats or the Republicans will elect the President; and the question for Republicans will be, What Republican, under all the circumstances, is the most available? The answer to this question is evident. The one who will command not only the regular party support, but the support of that intelligent and independent body of voters which gives the victory to one or the other party. New York, for instance, will be a very important if not a decisive State in the next election. But it is a very close State. The result here will depend upon the independent vote, which is very large in New York, and which was given to Mr. TILDEN in 1876. The question, then, is whether General GRANT is the candidate who would most certainly or most probably secure that vote for the Republicans. What a party wants in an election is not the votes that it is sure of, but those that it is not sure of. Is General GRANT the Republican who will most surely win this vote? On the contrary, is not his name the symbol of what is politically most distasteful to this vote, and would not that fact, together with the consideration that he has filled two terms, and that the argument for a third term is an argument for his perpetual Presidency, render him peculiarly unavailable? It is a kind of orthodox party fashion to insist that he is of course to be the candidate. But that does not absolve Republicans from allegiance to reason and common-sense; and is it not fair to suppose that outside of the strict party lines General GRANT is not the most available candidate? The papers which shout for him most loudly would shout for any candidate who should be regularly nominated. But are there not eminent Republicans who, while receiving as candidates the strict party support, would be infinitely more acceptable to those who are beyond the party lines? This is the question which Mr. SHERMAN'S letter presents for the consideration of the party. He is a Republican of long and efficient service, whose voice in the party councils is entitled to as much weight as that of any leader, and his letter is a plain declaration that in his judgment General GRANT ought not to be accepted in advance, and without discussion, as the one necessary candidate for the Republican nomination.

Mr. SHERMAN'S letter will be a benefit to his party if it should lead to a frank debate upon the subject. A muzzle policy by which every Republican paper is to look wise and say that "GRANT is the man," and cry, "Hush!" while primaries and conventions are being quietly arranged for him, is both humiliating and ludicrously transparent. We observe that the mere fact of taking the ground that the GRANT nomination ought not to be assumed as a foregone conclusion, and, so to speak, a cardinal point of Republican faith, is often attributed to some kind of personal hostility. But is it really impossible to differ honestly upon such a point as the availability of a candidate? Is it really conclusive evidence of personal feeling and selfish opposition that a question of the desirability of General GRANT'S nomination is raised? This kind of attempted party despotism is well satirized in Mr. NAST'S recent sketch of King Caucus. It is bad enough when a caucus or a convention assumes to crush the expression of individual opinion or to bind individual responsibility; but when, before any authorized action whatever is taken, there is a kind of tacit conspiracy to compel an appearance of uniformity of sentiment, the crown becomes altogether intolerable. It is always true, or ought to be true always, that in every step of a Presidential election the amicable contest should be one of principles, not of persons. We are constantly drawn away from this truth in practice, but it is none the less a duty to recall it, and to endeavor to make it real. Mr. SHERMAN says in his letter, "The true issue for 1880 is national supremacy in national matters, honest money, and an honest dollar." That is apparently to be the situation. Under the actual circumstances, it is undoubtedly better for the Republicans that their candidate should be a civilian, not open to the suspicion of preferring military traditions and methods, wholly free from the entangling associations of two terms of administration, and not exposed to the fixed objection to more than two terms. That the personal popularity of General GRANT would so far transcend such considerations as to make him incomparably the most desirable candidate has not been established. That he should be nominated as a kind of dictator or savior of society, upon the theory that a new armed rebellion is imminent, is absurd, because it is a confession that we are already in a chronic condition of revolution and anarchy. That he is the most popular Republican among the politicians, and therefore the most probable candidate, is not a valid argument for his availability in the canvass. While party opinion is forming, and no action has yet been taken, it is the highest duty of Republicans to consider what will most surely secure the triumph of their principles, and not to let every thing drift because of a desperate feeling that nothing can be done. Nothing, certainly, can be done by those who neither believe nor try.

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE *Evening Post* has well said that had Mr. GARRISON been killed in the early days of his great contest, he would have been the STEPHEN of emancipation; but happily for himself, for his country, and for mankind, he lived to be its SIMEON. In the ripeness of years he has departed in peace, his eyes having seen the salvation. No American of his time was more sincerely hated, slandered, and opposed; none is surer of a great and pure renown. Thirty years ago the most respectable public opinion would have said of his death by mob violence, as the Massachusetts Attorney-General said of LOVEJOY in Faneuil Hall, "He died as the fool dieth." But when at last he closed his eyes serenely among his children, it was with universal and tender veneration that the news was told and heard. When the authorities of Savannah requested those of Boston to suppress his incendiary journal, the courtly Mayor of Boston replied that the delinquent was found in an obscure room, printing his own paper with the aid of a negro boy, and that nothing need be feared from any thing so contemptible. But the State of Georgia indignantly set a price upon his head; his name was a reproach; "society" abhorred him and his abolition agitation; the Church denounced him; Congress refused to consider abolition petitions; the Postmaster-General robbed the mails to throw out the literature that flowed from GARRISON'S inspiration; great cities were exasperated; mobs burned churches and halls; the Garrisonians were pitilessly hunted, abused, imprisoned, murdered; the contemptible printer in the obscure room, printing his paper with the aid of a negro boy, was the impulse of a movement under which the country rocked and reeled and strode forward to civil war; and the leader's words were the indomitable spirit of his followers: "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." He did not equivocate, nor excuse, nor retreat, and he was heard. His country heard; the world heard; man and God heard: and because he did not excuse, nor equivocate, nor retreat, he died blessed of all men in a land without a slave.

Americans of any party or section would be unworthy their country and its character if they did not heartily admire the unquailing and sublime courage of this American. In the purely moral sphere of argument and appeal, denouncing the Constitution because, in his judgment, it did equivocate, and the Church because, as he thought, it did excuse, and political parties because, to his view, they did retreat, GARRISON, like CHARLES SUMNER in politics, embodied that iron and unbending will of absolute conviction upon which the final, terrible, accumulated onset of slavery was effectually broken. To complain of GARRISON'S "tone" and "manner" and "method" is to complain of PAUL and LUTHER. It is to regret that the iconoclast does not spare the idol. The American civilization of liberty, of education, of the free press and of free speech, would have lacked virility if its irrepressible conflict with the denial of human rights had not produced so aggressive and uncompromising a spirit as GARRISON'S. His is a much more incisive and masculine historical figure than that of WILBERFORCE, or of CLARKSON, or of GRANVILLE SHARPE. No man in history ever more bravely undertook a more tremendous task, and certainly no such man ever lived to see such fulfillment of his labors. We speak of "his" task and "his" labors not as if he were actually alone, nor as if the great moral movement which he symbolized depended upon his life for its own. But he was, nevertheless, the incarnation of the impulse. His life was wholly and absolutely consecrated to the work. His will led it. It took its name from him, and his associates gladly and proudly called themselves Garrisonian. There was no self-seeking in his action. There was no kind of assumption. He was officially president of the American Anti-slavery Society because he was really its soul and leader. Others were more learned, more eloquent, more witty; but he was the cause. He gladly and warmly recognized every service to it. He was always untiring and industrious, and always poor. GARRISON was one of Mr. LINCOLN'S "plain people," and like LINCOLN he showed that such "plain people" are the truest Americans.

It is a career which may be well pondered by all young Americans. None in our history is more a cordial to the qualities in our national character which most need to be fostered. That calm courage, that invincible independence, which

> "dared to be
> In the right with two or three,"

and would have stood absolutely alone with the same cheerful equanimity—these are what we need most in a country governed by majorities, and where agreement with the majority is the high-road to place and preferment. It was a simple character and a simple career. Fidelity to conviction, an overpowering conscience, an unconquerable will, a perfect courage, an equable temper, freedom from "nerves," plain tastes, temperance, frugality, and the happy chance of birth at a time and in a country where the paramount interest was a moral question which at once took possession of his mind and conscience—these are the elements of the extraordinary life which has just closed. The young American may learn from it that independence and moral tenacity are not without rewards, also, besides those of a satisfied conscience. It would have been absurd to suggest to HARRISON GRAY OTIS, the Mayor of Boston, elegant, accomplished, eloquent, that the poor printer whom he depicted in the obscure room, aided by a negro boy, would be an illustrious and historic American; or to EDWARD EVERETT, the Governor of Massachusetts, who thought that *The Liberator* ought to be indicted, that its editor would be remembered with the WASHINGTON whom EVERETT so gratefully celebrated. Massachusetts will not forget her later OTIS and her accomplished EVERETT, but she will remember her GARRISON with the elder OTIS and SAMUEL ADAMS. His position in history is unique, because, although of immense political influence, it is that of a moral reformer, and not of a statesman. Mr. GARRISON was a non-resistant, and he did not vote. It is often said that he would have accomplished nothing upon his own principles, because voting is the only way of making opinion effective. The reply to this is the fact. He did not vote, and would not vote; but the voting turned at last upon his principles, and his views became the policy of the most powerful and patriotic party in American history. Pure, unselfish, heroic, devoted, triumphant, he is one of the most eminent of representative Americans.

## "A PUBLIC SCANDAL."

SENATOR DAVID DAVIS, of Illinois, has written a letter in which he says that "one of the grievances of which our forefathers complained was that the king had quartered troops on them, and sought by military power to coerce them into submission." He proceeds to intimate that the Republican party wishes to repeat this royal tyranny, saying, "It is little less than a public scandal, after a century of national existence, that any party could venture to ask the people's approval of a species of tyranny that is forbidden in England, and wherever else the parliamentary principle is respected." It seems to us, on the other hand, that it is little less than a public scandal that a Senator of the United States should venture to compare the laws which empower the United States government to enforce its authority, with the tyranny of a king in quartering troops upon a people not represented, to coerce them to his will. The free people of New York, we can inform Senator DAVIS, do not regard the troops stationed upon Governor's Island and at Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth as "quartered upon them." They are national soldiers placed where the people of the United States have lawfully provided that they shall be placed, for the common defense and welfare under the law. It is pitiful demagoguery to appeal indirectly to ignorance by suggesting that the presence of national soldiers any where within the Union, in pursuance of law made by the people themselves, is a tyrannical quartering of troops. Such an assertion from such a man as Senator DAVIS irresistibly suggests that there may have been some other purpose in the remark than the simple statement of the truth.

Senator DAVIS further speaks of this "quartering of troops" under existing laws as intended to "coerce them [the people] into submission." If this means any thing at all, it is that the President, like a tyrannical king, can order the troops that he has quartered upon a defenseless and unrepresented people, to intimidate them from voting, or to compel them to vote as he may dictate, by the bayonets of the soldiers. The fact is that the law provides that if the peace of the United States be broken at any national election, and it be necessary to proceed to military force to restore order, it shall be lawful to do so, even if the disturbance be countenanced by the State authorities themselves. In other words, the law provides that if repeaters in New York, or bulldozers in Louisiana, or red shirts and rifle clubs in South Carolina or elsewhere, attempt to terrify or exclude voters for members of Congress from the ballot-box, the United States authorities, if necessary, may protect and defend them. Is this what Americans call tyranny? Is this to be compared with the conduct of GEORGE the Third in quartering troops upon the colonists, and coercing them into submission? How carefully the law is guarded from abuse was shown by the President in his veto message. Military officers of the United States are expressly forbidden from attempting in any way to say who shall vote, or how, "or in any manner [to] interfere with the freedom of any election in any State." If any national soldier of any kind should attempt to do this, he is to be heavily fined, and imprisoned at hard labor for five years, and disqualified from holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States. How prodigiously like, this is, to the tyranny of King GEORGE! And how prodigiously like the most wretched demagoguery to say seriously that a necessary power, so carefully hedged and restricted, is a repetition of the grievance of military oppression of which our fathers justly complained!

"It is little less than a public scandal" that a public man like Senator DAVIS should denounce the exercise of an essential and wisely guarded lawful authority for protection as monarchical tyranny. And, as will be observed, he is not opposed to troops, but only to national troops. The action which the President vetoed permitted any State to keep the peace with its army at the polls of a United States election, but prohibited the national government from doing the same thing. Are soldiers, in Judge DAVIS'S opinion, any less soldiers because they wear a State uniform? Is it any less "tyranny" to keep order with State troops than with those of the United States? Has State authority in our history shown itself more mindful of

liberty and justice and the principles of the Revolution than the authority of the United States? Is a selfish oligarchy organized as a State government more likely to respect the equal rights of citizens of the United States than the government of the people of the United States? The Democratic attempt, assisted by Senator DAVIS, to represent the people of the United States as tyrants, and the President as a king, and the laws to protect freemen as odiously oppressive, will fail ignominiously.

## COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

THE House committee upon a law for counting the electoral vote have agreed upon a scheme. There is really no more important question before Congress, and a wise provision is indispensable. The experience of 1876 shows what serious perils may embarrass us if we drift into another election without a definite method of settling the questions that will probably arise. The election will be close, and the result is likely to depend upon one or two States. To raise a question in Congress upon the vote of such States is very easy, and probably it would be raised. It becomes a very interesting inquiry what the House committee proposes. The effort of the Democratic party to remove national safeguards from the polls—a removal which would promote freedom of cheating and bulldozing—shows how intense is its desire of success. With "the South" made solid by the usual Democratic methods of that section, and New York secured by restoring the old system of 1868, there will be an excellent "show" for Democratic "reform." To make sure, however, a skillful scheme for the electoral count by Congress would be very useful. In the light of these facts let us look at the important provisions of the bill.

There are the usual clauses about the time of election, and the certificates. Controversies as to electoral votes in any State may be passed upon judicially in the State, and the decision is to be sent to the President of the Senate. In the joint meeting of the Houses the votes are to be counted alphabetically as certified, unless rejected by both Houses. When there has been a controversy, and a certified decision, the vote is to be counted accordingly, unless both Houses revise it. If there be a controversy, and no certified decision, the contested votes are not to be counted unless both Houses concur. In case of conflicting judicial certificates, that which is accepted by both Houses is to be conclusive, "unless rejected by both Houses." Objections are to be decided separately by each House, after two hours' debate. The joint meeting is to continue until the count is completed, but there may be recesses until the fifth day, and none afterward. The first thing which strikes the reader is that this plan makes Congress the final judge of the election, and totally reverses the Democratic tradition upon the subject. The Democratic doctrine has always been that the election was a State concern, and that controversies must be settled within the State. In the present plan, however, it is provided merely that a judicial decision *may* be made in a State, but that, even if it be so made, the certified decision of the State court, although uncontested, may be revised by both Houses. In other words, Congress may overrule the official decision of the State as to what its vote is. This is a Democratic proceeding which seems distantly to resemble "consolidation," or "concentration," or "Federal absorption of the States." It commits the election to Congress, and that there may be no doubt of the transfer of power from the State to Congress, this section concludes as follows: "If there be conflicting judicial decisions or conflicting certificates, the decision or certificates held by both Houses to be given by proper authority shall be conclusive, *unless rejected by both Houses.*" Congress may decide which is the real voice of the State, and having decided, may then reject it. There may be a controversy, for instance, about the electoral vote of New York. The Court of Appeals may decide it, and certify the true and lawful result of the election in the State. There may be no opposition to the certificate. Congress may agree that it is unquestionably the result as certified by the highest court of the State. And having agreed that it is the properly certified vote of New York, Congress may then reject it. This is the complete overthrow of the old Democratic doctrine that the election is a State concern.

It is not a conclusion without reason, but the reason is fatal to Democratic argument and the theory of State sovereignty. Such a provision might be defended upon the ground that the Presidential election is essentially national; that the State certificate may be in proper form, but that the State court may have sanctioned a result produced by fraud or terror; that although formally correct, it is really false, and by deciding the choice of President would do the greatest wrong to the people of the other States; and consequently that it must be set aside by Congress, representing and protecting the equal rights of all the people in all the States. This, however, is an argument which Democrats would hardly accept. Yet upon what other reasonable ground can so absolute an assertion of supreme national authority over the State election be justified? If the election be exclusively a State concern, and the State expressly and without contradiction declares the result, why is not that declaration conclusive? If Congress may set it aside, it is because it is not exclusively a State affair. It will be exceedingly interesting to note the arguments by which this bill will be defended by a party which would forbid the United States to protect their own voters at the polls.

## THE OHIO REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE peculiar interest which attended the meeting of the late Convention in Ohio was not due so much to personal as to general considerations. The names of Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. THURMAN had been, indeed, associated with it, as if the Ohio election were a kind of preliminary national contest, in which success or failure would dispose of Presidential candidates. The names of Mr. TAFT and Mr. FOSTER were associated in the same manner, Mr. TAFT being supposed to represent General GRANT'S candidacy, and Mr. FOSTER the opposition to it. But whatever significance there may have been in all this, the important consideration was the position to be taken by the Ohio Republicans in their platform, which is the first party declaration since the present political situation arose. Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. GARFIELD declined positively to be candidates. The contest lay between Mr. TAFT and Mr. FOSTER, and upon the first ballot Mr. FOSTER was nominated by a majority of nine. A friend of Mr. TAFT immediately moved to make the nomination unanimous, and the action of the Convention was entirely harmonious.

The platform appeals to the people against the effort of the Democratic party, under Southern control, to establish State sovereignty as against national supremacy, and against the Democratic proposal to refuse appropriations to extort the President's assent to measures plainly intended to promote fraud and corruption at the polls. It praises the financial administration of the government, condemns the opposition to the conciliatory measures of the Administration, protests against the Democratic expulsion of Union soldiers from office, and cordially thanks the President and the Republican members of Congress for their firmness and patriotism in withstanding Democratic designs.

So far as this platform asserts the sound doctrine for which five hundred thousand precious lives and thousands of millions of dollars have been spent, that the government of the United States is operative every where and at every instant within the Union, it declares one of the great Republican principles upon which the country will sustain the Republican party. But there are some other great Republican principles which the platform omits to mention. It justly praises the Republican resumption of specie payments, the reduction of the debt, and refunding at lower interest. These are illustrious achievements. But we do not find any declaration of financial policy, or even of opinion upon the pending financial debate. Republicans have nothing to gain by silence or by hedging upon this subject. The elections of last year show the policy of honesty and the success of courage. The Democrats will adopt necessarily a platform winking at inflation and repudiation and all the wild-cat financial schemes for which they have made themselves responsible in Congress. Avoidance under such circumstances is not sound Republican policy, nor characteristic of the Republican spirit. There is one fact reported in connection with the Convention which is refreshing. Judge TAFT, it is said, made no personal effort to obtain the nomination. That is a fact most honorable to him. It may show him to be a very old-fashioned American, but it is still true that nothing is more undignified and disagreeable than the personal solicitation of candidates for high office. Nothing has lost Mr. TILDEN the countenance of honorable voters more than the zeal and activity with which he has sought the Presidency. It is a place neither to be sought nor declined, said Mr. LOWNDES, in the early days, and that is true of every great place. It is from personal solicitation of candidates that every kind of bargaining proceeds. That high office should seek the man, and not the man the office, is a maxim which may have been forgotten, but which is among the soundest of maxims in a republic.

## PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM H. SMITH, First Lord of the Admiralty, proprietor of the news stands on nearly all the railways of Great Britain, and more recently brought into universal notice in a good-natured way as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in *Pinafore*, is coming out as a wag, and dealt a very neat hit at Mr. J. NORMAN LOCKYER, the English scientist, and editor of *Nature*. Mr. LOCKYER had made some assertion of a somewhat lofty sort, which induced the Lord of the Admiralty to remark: "The only trouble with LOCKYER is that he doesn't comprehend the difference between the 'author' and the 'editor' of *Nature*."

—General NOYES, American minister at Paris, recently gave a dinner to a number of American celebrities, which was lightened up by the presence and genial chat of "Mark Twain." In the course of the dinner he expressed his want of admiration for the general run of Frenchmen, and thought that, so far as looks were concerned, "most of them would be improved by mutilation." The elegant "Twain" is now at work on another book of travels. Baron TAUCHNITZ has arranged to print a German edition of *The Innocents Abroad*, and sent M. T. a handsome check for the honor.

—Senator THURMAN, whose manner is generally grave and stern, often descends from the lofty Senatorial perch, and is as pleasant and witty as possible. Riding recently in a Washington horse-car which was nearly full, a little colored boy, all patches, but very clean, peeped in. He hesitated whether to enter the car or to ride outside. The Senator saw his timidity, moved along for him, and said, benignantly, "Come here, sonny, and sit down." As was once remarked, "Such is the vivacity of the American character."

—Count BEUST, who has just gone to Paris as Austrian minister, is said to be the wittiest ambassador in Europe. He is said to have that happy faculty, which the late Lord PALMERSTON possessed, of parrying any direct inquiry in a way which means, "Don't ask too much." Count BEUST is also a poet and musical composer of more than average merit, and the piano in his working-room shows in which direction his cultured hobby lies. During his mission to England his first waltz was played at Buckingham Palace. He did not know of the fact till he saw it next day in the paper. On being asked how he liked his new situation as composer, he replied that though he had formerly made a public appearance between BISMARCK and GORTCHAKOFF, he had never thought of being placed between STRAUSS and WALDTEUFFEL. He is on very pleasant terms with ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

—The editor of the Boston *Transcript* says: "More than twenty-five years ago a little boy, not yet in his teens, took his first lesson in 'the art and mystery' of printing, from a gentleman in middle life, who explained how the 'case' was arranged and why, and practically exemplified the process of 'setting up' type. 'This, my boy,' he said, in a serious tone, yet with a kind smile, as he placed his hand on the lever of an old-fashioned Franklin hand-press, 'is the most powerful weapon known. In the hands of bad men it is dangerous; in the hands of good men it can work miracles. We hope to abolish slavery with it.' That boy was the writer; that man was WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON was seventy-seven years old on Sunday, May 25. On the previous Friday afternoon he gave a very interesting lecture on "Memory," in Boston, for the benefit of the Old South Church. He begged that no report should be made of it. The *Herald*, of that city, says: "Mr. EMERSON is now unequal to the effort to speak to a large audience. His form is still erect; his piercing eye is as keen as ever; his smile has lost none of its ineffable sweetness; but still it is evident that old age is coming upon him rapidly. He read his lecture at a small desk, in a sitting posture, his faithful daughter guiding and prompting him whenever he lost his place, with his audience of some two hundred persons so thoroughly touched with emotion by his infirmities that they did not mind what they lost, provided only they could look into his serene face and watch its varying expression."

—The Baptist Theological Seminary at Rochester, New York, has been placed on an ample and enduring financial basis through the liberality of five gentlemen of New York: J. B. HOYT, J. B. TREVOR, CHARLES PRATT, and the brothers ROCKAFELLER. The amount of their gift is $142,000. The ROCKAFELLER brothers' donation is for a library and library building. Mr. HOYT founds and endows the chair of Hebrew Language and Literature.

—The wealthiest man in the present Congress is Mr. NEWBERRY, of Michigan, whose father, OLIVER NEWBERRY, was one of the pioneer shipmasters and steamboat men of the great Western lakes. Mr. NEWBERRY'S income last year was $250,000.

—Mr. CHARLES GIBBON, the British novelist, is very much shaken by the hand lately. A wealthy retired physician in Edinburgh was so charmed with Mr. G.'s novel of *Robin Gray* that he sought the writer's acquaintance. He was as delighted with the man as with the book. A short time ago he died and left Mr. GIBBON a handsome legacy, with the reversion of the rest of his property at the death of his wife, an old lady. Mr. GIBBON is one of the favorite authors of the Queen, who admires, particularly, Scottish writers and Scottish books.

—It is stated that M. JULES FERRY, the Minister of Public Instruction, has guaranteed $5000 by way of an advance for the publication of M. THIERS'S posthumous works, which are being prepared under the supervision of Madame THIERS and M. CALMON.

—The oldest living member of ye Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston is JOSIAH QUINCY, who joined the corps in 1823, and was its commander in 1829.

—The Hon. AUGUSTUS CHARLES HOBART, son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, but better known as Admiral HOBART PASHA in the Turkish navy, whiles away an idle hour now and then in boasting of his success in running the blockade on the American coast during the civil war. He garnered many sequins in running arms and ammunition into, and cotton out of, Southern ports during that interesting contest. Unlike Captain Corcoran, of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, he yielded to temptations and became a Turkish tar, instead of remaining an Eng-lish-man.

—LEO XIII. is becoming noted in Rome for the unostentatious way of his life. A letter from Rome says he "is the most simple in taste of all the Popes known to history. His bedroom is paved with com[illegible]stones, and is never warmed. His reception-[illegible] are fitted up with luxuries, but his private [illegible]ments are as cheerless as a hermit's cell."

—The tawny Mr. [illegible]ARD, United States minister to Turkey, we[illegible] his shining black hair long. When he was presented to the Sultan, that potentate turned to Mr. EUGENE SCHUYLER, who stood beside him, and inquired: "Is this gentleman an American dervish?"

—Mr. TENNYSON is said to have received $1750 for his poem "The Defense of Lucknow," published in the April number of *The Nineteenth Century*.

—A Paris paper, apropos of their silver wedding, gives an interesting account of the first meeting between the Emperor of Austria and his wife. Some twenty-five years ago the young Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH visited Carlsbad for no special reason, but simply to amuse himself. There he met his three beautiful Bavarian cousins—the Princess de Thurn et Taxis, the Princess ELIZABETH, and the Princess MARIE SOPHIE. Very lovely in the evening, in the animation of the waltz, the Princess ELIZABETH was even more fascinating, in her black cloth habit and riding-hat with its green veil, as she galloped on her English horse with the elegance and daring of a huntress of ancient times. It is related that one day her magnificent hair, which it was difficult to keep confined, fell down over her shoulders, and covered her like a royal mantle. Her confusion was indescribable, while the Emperor glanced from the escaped tresses to the blushing cheeks of his cousin. She hastened home. After luncheon she found on the table an immense album. FRANCIS JOSEPH placed it before her, and pointed out some views of Austria, of the Tyrol, and of Hungary. "What beautiful scenery! What a lovely country!" she exclaimed repeatedly, in her admiration. The Emperor whispered: "Would you like to make them your own? Are you willing to reign there?" And as she trembled and did not reply, he held out to her a bunch of edelweiss—the flower of betrothal. She took it, and put it next her heart. A few weeks later she became Empress of Austria.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, on the 23d ult., by a vote of 34 to 12, passed the Yellow Fever Bill. The House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Legislative Bill, and it was sent to the President.—On the 24th, the House passed the Warner Silver Bill, by a vote of 114 to 97.—On the 27th, the House passed the Yellow Fever Bill as it came from the Senate. The Ways and Means Committee of the House resolved to recommend June 10 for the adjournment of Congress.—On the 28th, the Senate passed the Subsidiary Silver Bill.

The Ohio Republican State Convention met at Cincinnati on the 28th ult., and made the following nominations: For Governor, Charles Foster, of Seneca; Lieutenant-Governor, Andrew Hickenlooper, of Hamilton; Judge, W. W. Johnson, of Lawrence; Attorney-General, George K. Nash, of Franklin; Auditor, John F. Oglevee, of Clark; Treasurer, A. K. Turney, of Cuyahoga; Commissioner of Public Works, James Fullington.—The Iowa Greenbackers met at Des Moines on the 28th ult., and nominated a straight ticket, with Daniel Campbell for Governor, and M. H. Moore for Lieutenant-Governor.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is officially announced that the treaty of peace with the Ameer of Afghanistan was signed on the 26th ult. The principal points have already been published. In addition to these the treaty provides that henceforth there shall be peace and friendship between the contracting parties; that British sympathizers in Afghanistan shall be amnestied; the Ameer shall be supported against foreign aggression; that the British Resident at Cabool shall be provided with a proper escort; that he shall have power to depute British agents to the Afghan frontier on special occasions; and that the Ameer shall be permitted to send agents to India. A telegraph line to Cabool will be established. Commercial affairs will form the subject of a separate convention to be concluded for one year. The Ameer is to receive a subsidy of £60,000 annually.

The British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Ava*, of Glasgow, was sunk recently by another vessel, and sixty-six of her crew and four passengers were drowned.

Of the fourteen Nihilists who were court-martialed recently, two, including Herr Brantner, a Prussian subject, have been sentenced to various terms of penal servitude. Three women were sentenced to fifteen years each. It is reported several women will soon be executed. One hundred and eighty-six houses in a village in the government of Ufa have been burned. The suspected incendiaries have been arrested.

General Sir Garnet Wolseley has been appointed supreme military and civil commander of Natal, the Transvaal, and certain other districts that adjoin and are included in the seat of war, it having been deemed wise in the present emergency to divide the Cape of Good Hope governments into four districts. Sir Stafford Northcote announced these changes in the House of Commons. Sir Bartle Frere remains as Governor of Cape Colony. Lord Beaconsfield made the announcement in the House of Lords. He said that General Wolseley's rank gave him supreme command over Lord Chelmsford, but that the country would not be immediately deprived of Lord Chelmsford's services.

The French Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 272 to 171, has refused "urgency" for the motion demanding the temporary release of Blanqui, and the interpellation has been withdrawn. In the debate Minister Le Royer said the government would move the annulment of M. Blanqui's election. They were not prepared to accept the pressure of intimidation with regard to the use of the prerogative of mercy.—General Gresley, Minister of War, and Admiral Jauréguiberry, Minister of Marine, have been elected Life Senators.—President Grévy has signed a decree pardoning another batch of 400 Communists.

The Governor of Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia, has received intelligence from Professor Nordenskjöld, of the arctic expedition, to May 3. The professor announces that he intended to start in the *Vega* for Europe by way of Behring Strait and the Suez Canal. A telegraphic dispatch from Irkutsk reports that the *Vega* has since arrived in Behring Strait.

The Committee on Technique of the International Canal Congress, meeting in Paris, on the 28th ult. adopted the Wyse Panama tide-water level canal project, which, it is estimated, will cost about $140,000,000.

Governor Aleko Pasha formally entered the city of Philippopolis on the 27th ult. He wore the Bulgarian head-gear, and was enthusiastically received.

THE BLACKVILLE MEDICAL MAN.
"Yes, dis is a clear case of Difflomania."

THE BLACKVILLE SCHOOL-MASTER.
"Yer bin to dis Cadermy eighteen months, an' dunno how to spell 'pork!' Yer nebriate, ye!"

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE death of this noble pioneer in the anti-slavery cause in America has removed from the scene of his long and honorable labors one of the most distinguished men of our country. Having dedicated his life, in the flush of early manhood, to the service of the oppressed, he persevered in his chosen career, in spite of persecution and fierce obloquy, until he saw the chains broken and the enslaved set free. Nothing could make him waver in duty. He was intolerant of wrong in every form, and the very thought of compromise with evil was abhorrent to his soul. Men of easier conscience, who could dally with wrong, and who disapproved of stirring up strife, regarded him as a political and moral fanatic. He was accused of seeing only one side of the slavery question; but, like CHARLES SUMNER, he held that in this matter "there was no other side." Many men who hated slavery quite as strongly as did Mr. GARRISON believed that the evil might be gradually removed, with more benefit to the blacks than immediate emancipation would secure; but his ardent temperament would brook no delay. He would break the chains at once, end the monstrous wrong, and leave the consequences in the hands of God. No doubt his persistent attitude, his constant, earnest appeals, his vehement denunciations, did a great work in rousing the conscience of the North, and in preparing the way for the great uprising of the people that at length removed the stain of slavery from our land. For his share in this great and glorious work his name will be honored in all succeeding ages.

Mr. GARRISON was a native of Massachusetts. He was born in the pleasant city of Newburyport, on the 12th of December, 1804. At the age of ten he was placed with a Quaker in Lynn, to learn the mystery of shoe-making, but soon returned to Newburyport, where he went to school, and helped to support himself. When he was fourteen he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; but he did not like the business, and was soon after indentured to an editor in Newburyport, and so, to his great satisfaction, became a printer. When he was sixteen or seventeen he began to write upon subjects of public interest, sending his articles anonymously to his employer, and receiving from him thanks and requests to continue. He wrote, also, notable articles for other papers. In 1826, when his apprenticeship ended, he began a paper of his own, which failed. In the two following years he was an editor in Boston, and in Bennington, Vermont. In the latter town he aroused public opinion upon the subject of slavery, and in Boston he became acquainted with BENJAMIN LUNDY, the editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore.

On the Fourth of July, 1829, Mr. GARRISON delivered an oration in Park Street Church, in Boston, in which he vigorously denounced slavery. In the autumn he went to Baltimore with Mr. LUNDY, and, as joint editor of the *Emancipator*, he demanded immediate emancipation as the duty of the master and the right of the slave. Presently a Newburyport ship took a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana. Mr. GARRISON instantly denounced it as "domestic piracy," and declared that he would "cover thick with infamy" all who were engaged in the transaction. Baltimore, a chief seat of the domestic slave-trade, hummed about his ears. He was convicted of "a gross and malicious libel" upon the captain of the ship, and FRANCIS TODD, the owner, and was imprisoned for forty nine days, until the fine and costs were paid by ARTHUR TAPPAN, of New York. HENRY CLAY had been appealed to on his behalf, and was about to pay the fine, and DANIEL WEBSTER spoke kindly and hopefully to the young man on his release from imprisonment.

Mr. GARRISON was now convinced that slavery must be attacked from the North, as the South was intolerant of free discussion. He immediately issued proposals for an antislavery paper, and delivered lectures in various cities in order to obtain the money. On the 1st of January, 1831, he issued in Boston the first number of *The Liberator*. Its motto was: "My Country is the World; my Countrymen are all Mankind." Its first words were earnest, brave, defiant, reminding us of LUTHER'S at the Diet of Worms: "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." He kept his word. In the fierce contest, which ended in the overthrow of slavery, Mr. GARRISON always fought in the advance. He gathered about him a small party of similar convictions and resolution. They made war, and were warred upon. They were almost universally denounced as fanatics, mischief-makers, and traitors. They were hated, ridiculed, reviled, and mobbed. A price was set upon Mr. GARRISON'S head. Yet he waged only a moral warfare. He was an earnest and consistent advocate of non-resistance. His way of fighting slavery was not that of JOHN BROWN. He believed in "Captain Pen," not in "Captain Sword." His moral convictions carried him so far that he would not vote, because voting would be a recognition of the Constitution, which he held to be a bond of slavery. He claimed for women an equal liberty of choice and action with men, and refused to sit in the "World's Antislavery Convention" in England, in 1840, because women were excluded as delegates. In the same year the American Antislavery Society divided upon the question of the participation of women, and the part that favored it became, under the name of Garrisonian Abolitionists, the chief and aggressive wing. In 1843 Mr. GARRISON was chosen president of the American Antislavery Society, and held the office until the war ended and slavery was abolished.

After the close of the war Mr. GARRISON was not very active in public affairs. His life-work was ended. In general he sympathized with the Republicans as the party of progress. Almost his last appearance before the public was as the author of an indignant and eloquent protest against the policy of the anti-Chinese bill, for to the end he was true to the words of his motto, and regarded all mankind as his countrymen.

Mr. GARRISON was very happy and fortunate in domestic life. In 1834 he married HELEN ELIZA BENSON, of Brooklyn, Connecticut, a lady about six years his junior. "She was a remarkable woman in many regards," says a writer in the New York *Times*—"beautiful in person, attractive in manners, well fitted to make small means go far in household administration, a kind hostess, and a most ardent abolitionist." A single incident will show her indomitable spirit and her perfect accord with her husband in his great undertaking. During the second year of their marriage, Mr. GARRISON, who had gone to address a meeting of the Women's Antislavery Society in Boston, was set upon by a mob, dragged from his office, stripped nearly naked, and finally rescued from violence and probable death by imprisonment in the City Jail. "When the tidings were brought to her," wrote Mr. GARRISON, many years later, "of what had befallen me, she indicated her unshaken faith in my steadfastness by saying, 'I do not believe my husband will be untrue to his principles.'" And he adds: "On no occasion, however perilous, during the whole antislavery conflict, did she ever counsel a less personal exposure or a more moderate course of action on my part. On the contrary, it was her desire that I should at all times be firm, courageous, and true to my highest convictions; and I all the more bless her memory for a co-operation that was so essential to my domestic tranquillity and public service." This estimable woman died in 1876. WENDELL PHILLIPS, who had been estranged from Mr. GARRISON on account of differences in regard to continuing the Antislavery Society, sought out his old friend in his bereavement, and on the occasion of the funeral delivered a brief address, in which he said of her: "You can hardly appreciate the large help she gave the antislavery movement. That home was a great help. Her husband's word and pen scattered his purpose far and wide; but the comrades that his ideas brought to his side, her welcome melted into friends."

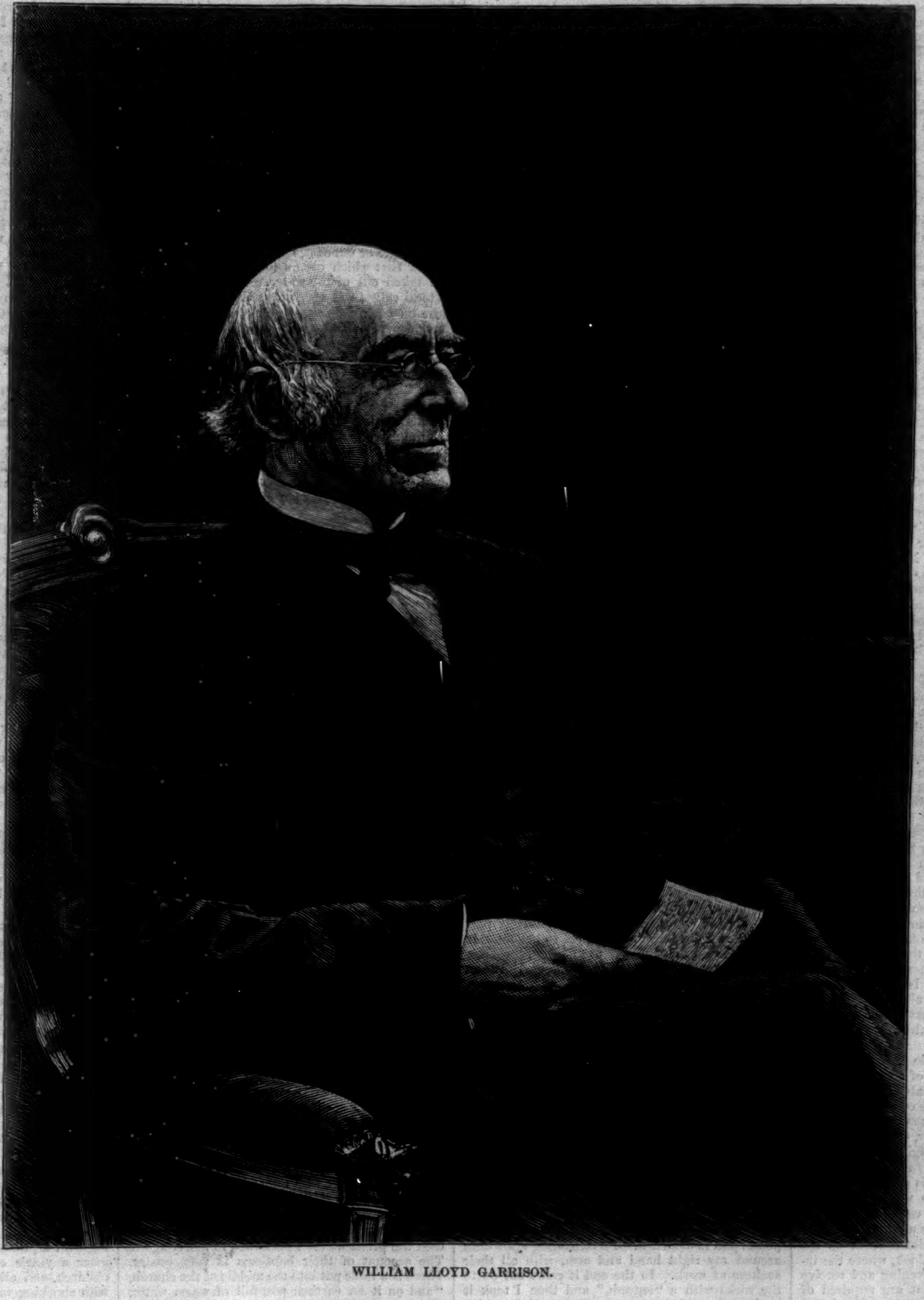
The writer in the *Times* from whom we have just quoted gives the following clear and impartial account of the quarrel between the two great antislavery champions: "It was during the period of reconstruction that a serious and painful breach occurred between him and his life-long friend and associate Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, arising from the latter's inability to see with Mr. GARRISON the duty of upholding the party which had done so much, and which alone could do what remained to be done, for the cause of the oppressed. This breach took form in connection with two matters. One was the continuance of the Antislavery Society. Mr. GARRISON, with his saving common-sense, wished that the society should be disbanded and its agencies suspended. He argued that it had no logical *raison d'être* after slavery had in law and in fact been abolished. Mr. PHILLIPS held that, though slavery was abolished in law, it was not so in fact, and that the society should be continued, if for no other purpose, to furnish adequate opportunity for public and systematic criticism of the Republican leaders, who, in his sight, were as deserving of condemnation as the doughfaces of 1850. The dispute was bitter, and ended by Mr. GARRISON withdrawing, with his immediate friends, from the society, and Mr. PHILLIPS taking his place as president. The second matter was more purely personal. Mr. PHILLIPS was a trustee, in connection with Mr. GARRISON, of a bequest made by Mr. JACKSON, a prominent Boston abolitionist, to aid fugitive slaves and promote the abolition of slavery. Mr. GARRISON wished to submit the interpretation of the trust to the courts. Mr. PHILLIPS resisted, and lawsuits resulted, which became noted as fixing the principles on which trusts could be administered, the immediate purpose of which had become impracticable. Mr. PHILLIPS argued his own cause in part, and finally refused to obey the orders of the court until compelled to do so. Lawsuits are not soothing to the feelings of any one but lawyers, and the difference between the two friends was rendered most acrimonious. For several years they who had stood shoulder to shoulder almost alone against the hostile multitude were not only estranged, but found themselves visiting each upon the other those unsparing criticisms which both had so long visited upon the common enemy." This painful breach of friendship was not healed, as already stated, until after the death of Mrs. GARRISON, when Mr. PHILLIPS sought out his old friend in his affliction and made overtures of reconciliation.

The moral lessons to be drawn from Mr. GARRISON'S life have been admirably set forth by JOHN STUART MILL, who wrote as follows, about twelve years ago:

"Instead of idly expatiating upon things which have been far better said than I could say them, I would rather endeavor to recall one or two lessons applicable to ourselves which may be drawn from Mr. GARRISON'S career. A noble work nobly done always contains in itself not one but many lessons, and in his case two may be singled out specially deserving to be laid to heart by all who would wish to leave the world better than they found it.

"The first lesson is, Aim at something great; aim at things which are difficult—and there is no great thing which is not difficult. Do not pare down your undertaking to what you can hope to see successful in the next few years, or in the years of your own life. Fear not the reproach of Quixotism or fanaticism, but after you have well weighed what you undertake, if you see your way clearly, and are convinced that you are right, go forward, even though you, like Mr. GARRISON, do it at the risk of being torn to pieces by the very men through whose changed hearts your purpose will one day be accomplished. Fight on with all your strength, against whatever odds, and with however small a band of supporters. If you are right, the time will come when that small band will swell into a multitude. You will at least lay the foundation of something memorable, and you may, like him—though you ought not to need or expect so great a reward—be spared to see that work completed which when you began it you only hoped it might be given to you to help forward a few stages on its way.

"The other lesson is, if you aim at something noble, and succeed in it, you will generally find that you have succeeded in not that alone. A hundred other good and noble things which you never dreamed of will have been accomplished by the way, and the more certainly the sharper and more agonizing has been the struggle which preceded the victory. The heart and mind of a nation never are stirred from their foundations without manifold good fruits. In the case of the great American contest these fruits are already great, and are daily becoming greater. The



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

prejudices which beset every form of society—and of which there was a plentiful crop in America—are rapidly melting away. The claims of prescription have been broken. It is not only the slave who has been freed, the mind of America has been emancipated. The whole intellect of the country has been set thinking about the fundamental questions of society and government, and the new problems which have to be solved and the new difficulties which have to be encountered are calling forth new activity of thought. A great nation is saved, probably for a long time to come, from the most formidable danger of a completely settled state of society and opinion—intellectual and moral stagnation.

"This, then, is an additional item of the debt which America and mankind owe to Mr. Garrison and his noble associates, and it is well calculated to deepen our sense of the truth which his whole career most strikingly illustrates—that though our best directed efforts may often seem wasted and lost, nothing coming of them that can be pointed to and distinctly identified as a definite gain to humanity—though this may happen ninety-nine times in every hundred, the hundredth time the result may be so great and dazzling that we had never dared to hope for it, and should have regarded him who had predicted it to us as sanguine beyond the bounds of mental sanity. So it has been with Mr. Garrison."

Mr. Garrison died on the 24th of May, at the Westmoreland Hotel, in this city, after a severe illness of several weeks. He had come to New York in search of medical treatment suited to the disease from which he was suffering; but from the first his physician had but little hope of his recovery. His mind remained clear until the night previous to his death, when he fell into a condition of unconsciousness, from which he did not awake in this life. His remains were removed to Boston for interment, and the funeral services were held there.

## A WOMAN'S HOTEL.

Although the magnificent failure in the shape of a Woman's Hotel, inaugurated in the spring of last year by Judge Hilton, has left the impression upon the public mind that women do not care for these institutions, and decline to live in them, the facts still remain that they are sorely needed in all great cities, that they can be made successful, and that the class they are designed to benefit is fully ready to avail itself of the advantages offered by such establishments when they are conducted in a rational manner, and not rendered uncomfortable by useless and humiliating restrictions.

There exists at present in the city of London, in successful operation, a Woman's Hotel, projected by and under the direction of a lady, who, knowing through a true feminine instinct that women, unless bred to exceptionally large incomes, are best pleased with modest and quiet surroundings, has organized her establishment upon this simple and reasonable plan. She gives it no name; she puts no sign, no posting, no blazonry, to distinguish the house from any other in the neighborhood. The address is simply No. 79 Wigmore Street, and in speaking of it no other phrase is used. The lady means the inmates to rap at the house, unobtrusively, privately, as any other house alongside would be rapped at; she has arranged that these inmates shall number about a score—twenty-two being the absolute full number—and there her No. 79 Wigmore Street stands. It is at the corner of a street; it was formerly, and only a short time since, a shop. This gives a long extra outlook at the wide side of it, added on to the frontage, that lets a capital flood of light into the ground-floor, furnished as the large and general sitting-room, that shows up its oak paint and bright crimson cloth admirably, that affords the freest and most cheerful outside view, bringing animation, bringing incidents from it at every moment, and their sympathy. And this, small matter as it may sound, is excellent; because that No. 79 Wigmore Street should be a home was the lady's resolve at the very first outset and beginning. She did not want courtyards, approaches, vestibules, that block out chat and comment, and the kindliness that comes from them. She did not want exclusion, distance, withdrawal, cutting young women off from little outside ties that hold them, that they cling to, that give them thought and happiness. She did not want, above all, the awe that is in expanse and spaciousness, in vastness, and altitude, and echo. It was within her knowledge that simple working-women are not at home under the heavy influence of all this.

In the cozy little domicile in Wigmore Street women are lodged at a cost of five shillings a week, English money—that is, about $1 25. This gives them a comfortable little compartment in a dormitory holding four, each compartment being entirely distinct from any other, except where the partitions cease at a certain height, in order to secure ventilation. In these the furniture is simple, but includes every thing that is essential to comfortable living. In regard to water, there is a plentiful supply, both hot and cold, near the door of each dormitory, that may be used at discretion. There is also the common sitting-room on the ground-floor, with a bright outlook, where the inmates may assemble in the evening and receive their friends. The duties that are required of them are very simple. Each must take charge of her own compartment, making her own bed, and doing as much dusting as is necessary to preserve neatness. Other arrangements are possible, however, if a girl be so situated that she can not spare even this amount of time, and if she can afford to pay a little extra for her lodging, or if two sisters or two friends can manage to lodge together. There are single rooms to be hired; there is one at six shillings a week, one at seven shillings and sixpence, one at ten shillings, each provided with two beds; and from the inmates of these the work expected is reduced to a minimum. Furnished lodgings, in the ordinary meaning, these rooms more nearly approach; for though the use of the general sitting-room is included in the bargain—and it must be used for meals, except in illness—the girls can make their private rooms their parlors if they please; sitting in them for study, if they are teachers; for work, if they get their living by their needle.

The arrangements for meals in Wigmore Street are such as to accommodate all classes of female workers. They can take as many or as few meals in the house as they desire. As at an ordinary hotel, there is perfect liberty to order much or to order little, precisely as is desired. There is a fixed price, too, for all the food; for instance: a penny for a half-pint cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa; a penny for two slices of bread and butter. This is a good contrivance, by which the hearty girl who can relish her two cups of coffee and four slices of bread and butter for breakfast is the only person who pays for her heartiness, and the more delicate girl who finds half this quantity sufficient counts up some little surplus in her purse at the week's end, as consolation for her delicacy. There is also connected with the house, and served from the same kitchen, a quiet dining-room open to any of the women of the neighborhood, to those, for instance, who can sleep at home, but who live at such a distance that they can not return there until night. These may partake of wholesome food—of breakfasts if wanted, of dinners, or any meal—with company, and at prices the same as those charged to the inmates of the house.

Let us compare this house in Wigmore Street, with its simple comfort and sympathetic consideration for the tastes and needs of its inmates, with the splendid mockery on Fourth Avenue. Here the "guests" of the hotel, as they were termed, were forbidden to have sewing-machines in any part of it; in Wigmore Street they may and do have them, and use them according to inclination. Here they were forbidden to take women friends into their private rooms; in Wigmore Street they may take them and invite them to meals as they have a mind. Here there could be no musical instruments in private rooms, and no admittance into the hotel at night after the closing hour of eleven. In Wigmore Street neither of these prohibitions exists; for the piano or the harmonium may go in with the inmate, and the inmate may remain out after closing-time, which is ten o'clock, provided only that she has previously given notice that such is her intention. One rule of the Fourth Avenue building is in full force in Wigmore Street. It is right that it should be. No supervision or selection would be strong enough—and no girl is received as an inmate unless she brings two recommendations—to keep out danger, or, at least, scandal, if there were a free intermingling of men in a home for women. The brothers of some would not be the brothers of the others, it must be recollected; and even if the most honest and honorable courtship were begun, honest and honorable English girls are not in the habit of receiving their lovers at their lodgings, and it would lead to other conditions not consistent with the equable tone of propriety that is necessary. So, also, is the objection to pets and pictures enforced in Wigmore Street, and with equal reason. In a house receiving twenty-two women, as this does, it is manifest there might be twenty-two birds or animals. If there were, sanitary conditions would not be fulfilled, and with this or any number there could not be kindness to the birds and animals themselves, since women out at work all day must leave their pets more or less neglected (as earning women, lower in the scale, have unhappily to leave their babies); and in the case of pictures hung up, it is equally manifest that there would be unsightly patches all over the carefully papered and painted walls when pictures, on their possessor departing, had to be taken down.

The need of hotels or homes for working-women is clear to all who have ever made the calculations necessary for a comparison between the ordinary rates of wages paid to female laborers and the cost of living ever so simply in our great cities. Institutions like this in Wigmore Street would be the greatest benevolence to a large class of industrious, simple-minded women. They are perfectly practicable, and would be warmly patronized by those they are designed to benefit. It is to be hoped that the collapse of the New York experiment will not deter reasonable and humane persons, of whom there must be many in this city, from attempting the realization of some such admirable scheme as that of the lady philanthropist of London.

## CATCHING AN OCTOPUS.

I have taken an octopus (says a recent writer) in my trammel-net—a real live one, not the half-tamed creature which one sees in the aquariums—and I am still suffering from the results of my fight with it. It measured about three and a half feet over all, and may have weighed six pounds. My people put it in a small pell (pool of sea-water left by the tide), and thence I took it. It held on to the bottom with five or six of its arms when I took it behind the head, and gave me about a twelve-pound pull to detach it. Its remaining arms were around my right hand and arm, with all their suckers at work. In the end it came out on to the rocks with a "squash," and then I took it again and put it into our bathing pool, in which it swam about with a most graceful action, until it found a large stone, under which it insisted on hiding itself, although we tried repeatedly to head it off with sticks. It went in under the stone, head and arms foremost, and then turned round and made itself a bed by pushing out the stones (some which it lifted out were quite of three pounds weight). The last thing which it handed out, attached to some of its suckers, was a small bit of lobster shell, which apparently incommoded it, and then it went to rest, with just two or three suckers showing out under the stone.

I watched it through the coming tide, and it made no sign beyond taking in the suckers, and leaving only the backs of one or two of its arms exposed. When I went to look for it again on the falling of the tide, I found that it had made its escape into the sea. When it went under the stone it caused a Ballan wrasse (which I had in the pool) to bolt. The fish "lay to" about four feet from the octopus, and watched it, and was so preoccupied in doing this that it entirely disregarded a friend and myself who were close by observing it. It also caused a fresh-water eel, which lives under the stone in the pool, to make a rapid escape.

But now comes the worst part of my story. Altogether the suckers of the octopus were in contact with my hand and fore-arm for perhaps five minutes—certainly not more. About an hour afterward I felt a numbness in my hand. It continued and increased throughout the day. The next morning my hand was almost useless. I could not use it to brush my hair, or to button my left sleeve link, and I could not raise a tea-cup with it. Now it is so far recovered that I can write; but it still feels as if I had lain upon it and deadened it. It is not swollen, nor has it any external sign of injury whatever. My impression is that there must be some power in the suckers of the octopus analogous to that which enables beasts of prey to shake the sense out of their victims as soon as they catch them. And having experience, I am now prepared to believe any amount of travellers' tales as to the power of large cuttle-fish in tropical seas.

My octopus had no backbone, and I believe no sepia bag. Its base ingratitude, in deserting the pool as soon as it possibly could, prevented me, of course, from ascertaining this fact by the process of dissection; but I guess at the fact—being well aware that the authorities are against me—because, all through my rough handling of it, it ejected water constantly, but never sepia; and because the fishermen here, who frequently catch octopus (which they call "paddilinker"), assure me that it never "squirts ink." Its color all through the time I watched it was as like as possible to the color of the back of a woodcock. In the water or out of it, I saw no material change beyond that which occurs to every marine creature taken out of the water. The action of its pectoral valves was very apparent, and it worked those on each side alternately, apparently at its convenience; but one side always did the inspiration, and the other side the expiration. The work of breathing was at all times an apparently laborious process, the action of the body being much like that of a broken-winded horse; but this action, when the creature was in the water, was neither increased nor decreased, and formed its propulsive power, tail foremost. I have taken a strong personal dislike to the octopus; and the next specimen I catch will be relentlessly slaughtered (but how I don't quite know) before I allow it to attempt to play any of its pranks with me.

## OLD ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN RUSSIA.

It is about the middle of the sixteenth century that we hear of the great Muscovite Company, and of the doings of their captains and mariners. We may combine some of the more scattered notices before we proceed to the regular narratives. One worthy captain goes so far north as Lappia. "There came aboard us certain Lappians in a boat to the number of sixteen persons, and among them there were two wenches, and some of them could speak the Russe tongue. They told me they had been to seek meate among the rocks, saying, 'If we get no meate we eat none.' I saw them eat rock weeds as eagerly as a cow doeth grass when she is hungry. I saw them eat fowls' eggs raw, and the young birds also that were in the eggs." We think it best to modernize the spelling, although the Vandyck looks best in its ancient frame. Then one Mr. Anthony Jenkinson, sent on an embassy to the Czar himself, gives an account of his reception and entertainment by that potentate: "The emperor sent me divers bowls of wine and mead, and many dishes from his own hand, which were brought me by a duke, and my table served all in gold and silver. When dinner was ended, the emperor called me by name, and gave me drink with his own hand, and so I departed to my lodging. The emperor never putteth morsel of meat in his mouth but he first blesseth it himself, and in like manner as often as he drinketh, for after his manner he is very religious."

Some of his accounts of the old customs of the Russians are very amusing, and are corroborated by other travellers. Their curious religious customs have never greatly varied. At the present day nearly every Russian family has its Ikon, which is a picture with something of an image interwoven with it. For instance, there is the picture of a saint in a household often enough at the present day with a metallic aureole affixed to it. Our old traveller asserts that the common Russians took their images for gods. Even then their priests were married; but when the wife died the priest was not permitted to marry again. The account of their baptisms is very quaint. There is a table put into the middle of the church, "and on it an earthen pot, full of warm water, about the which the godfathers and godmothers settle themselves; then the clerk giveth unto every one of them a small wax candle burning; then cometh the priest, and beginneth to say certain words, which the godfathers and godmothers must answer word for word, among the which is that the child shall forsake the devil, and as that word is pronounced they must all spit at the word as often as it is repeated."

Their marriage customs are highly curious. "When there is love between the parties, the man sendeth unto the woman a small chest, wherein is a whip, needles, thread, silk, linen cloths, thereby giving her to understand that if she does offend, she must be beaten by the whip; by the needles, thread, cloth, that she should apply herself diligently to sew," etc. After the wedding "they begin to drink, and first the woman drinketh to the man, and when he hath drunk, he letteth the cup fall to the ground, hastening immediately to tread upon it, and so doth she; and whether of them tread first upon it must have the victory, and must be master at all times after." He reports that the women sew well and embroider excellently. The husband is bound to find his wife in cosmetics, of which the wives make inordinate use "without any shame. I can not so well liken them as to a miller's wife, for they look as though they were beaten about the face with a bag of meal; but their eyebrows they color as black as jet." "The Russians do not have the credit of treating their wives in the best way. They consider that it is within their rights to administer personal castigation, and if the castigation is not administered, the wives consider that they have lost their hold upon the affections of the husband. For some days after the marriage the bride must not be heard to speak, save certain few words at the table, in a set form, with great manners and reverence to the bridegroom." If she behave herself otherwise, it is a great prejudice to her credit and life ever afterward, and will be highly disliked of the bridegroom himself, who will probably administer personal correction.

In the days of Ivan the Terrible, whose frightful atrocities suggest the charitable idea that he must have been mad, and of Queen Elizabeth, there was a great tendency to draw close bonds between England and Russia. England wanted the monopoly of the Russian trade, and Russia wanted the alliance of a great maritime power. One Horsey was a clerk in the service of the Russian Company, in Russia, and Ivan employed him as an agent to proceed to England. He wanted to marry an English lady, and he even aspired to the great Elizabeth herself. It was resolved that the Lady Mary Hastings, the queen's own niece, might probably prove a suitable match for the Czar. It was quite true that the Czar labored under the trifling disadvantage of being married already; but he hastened to explain that his wife was not of royal birth, and he was entirely prepared to repudiate her. Lady Mary got the nickname among her friends of Empress of Muscovie. On the whole, however, she was not satisfied with "the tricks and manners" of her imperial admirer. She persuaded Queen Elizabeth to allow her to decline the dangerous honor. Ivan got into a terrible passion because Queen Elizabeth did not meet his wishes. He entirely lost any good manners which he might have been supposed to possess, and told the ambassador "that he did not reckon the Queen of England to be his fellow, for there are that are her betters." The ambassador manfully answered that the queen, his mistress, was as great a prince as ever was in Christendom, equal to him that thought himself the greatest, well able to defend herself against his malice whosoever."

Besides the narrative of Horsey we have a narrative by one Giles Fletcher. He bears a name illustrious in English literature, being the father of Phineas Fletcher, the author of *The Purple Island*; and his brother, Bishop of London, was the father of John Fletcher, the illustrious dramatist. He acted as ambassador between the times of Horsey's employments, and in several ways they are found together. He published a narrative, or book, about Russia, which the Russian Company caused to be suppressed on account of its plain-speaking. It is this book which the Hakluyt Society has resuscitated. Fletcher thought himself well out of a lion's den when he got back to London; "for the poets can not fancy Ulysses more glad to be come out of the den of Polyphemus than he was to be rid out of the power of such a barbarous prince." Old Fuller perpetrates the curious bull of saying that, if the Czar had cut Fletcher's head off, Fletcher would in vain have sought for any redress. It is very difficult to see how he could have sought for any redress at all if his head had been taken off. Giles Fletcher loved Russia in the summer. "You shall see such a new hue and face of a country, the woods—for the most part which are all of fir and birch—so fresh and so sweet; the pastures and meadows so green and well grown, and that upon the sudden; such variety of flowers, such noise of birds, specially of nightingales, that seem to be more loud and of a more variable note than in other countries, that a man shall not lightly travel in a more pleasant countrie."

But however pleased he may be with the country, he gives a frightful account of misgovernment and cruelty. The law of debtor and creditor was as bad as the old Roman law, which allowed the debtor to be cut up bodily by his creditors. If the alleged debt were only for a sixpence, the debtor was chained leg, arms, and neck; if the case were given against the debtor, he was daily cudgelled about the shins and calves by an officer till the money was paid. "You shall see forty or fifty stand together all on a row, and their shins thus becudgelled and bebasted every morning with a piteous cry." If the debt is not paid after a year's cudgelling, he, his wife and his children, and all that he has, are sold. Death, with shocking varieties of suffering, was inflicted for all sorts of criminal offenses; by the knout, by torture, by roasting, hanging, beheading. "But for the most part the prisoners that are condemned in summer are kept for the winter, to be knockt on the head and put under the ice." This was the case only with the poor serf. If a lord killed his servant, "little or nothing is said unto him; at the most only a small fine." With regard to other crimes, "If a murder or theft be committed, peradventure he shall be imprisoned at the emperor's pleasure." He gives a wretched report of the life of the people: "They make no account of the life of a man. You shall have a man robbed sometimes in the very streets of their towns, if he go late in the evening, and yet no man to come forth out of his doors to rescue him, though he hear him cry out."

Fletcher gives a curious account of the emperor's way of celebrating holy-days. His favorite amusement was to watch a bear-hunt, that is, a fight between bears and bear-hunters. "But

many times these hunters come short, and are either slain or miserably torn with the teeth and talents [*i. e.* talons] of the fierce beast. If the party quit himself well in this fight with the bear, he is carried to drink at the emperor's cellar door, where he drinketh himself drunk for the honor of Hospodar. And this is his reward for adventuring his life for the emperor's pleasure. When it draweth toward bed-time his priest sayeth certain prayers; and then the emperor blesseth and crosseth himself as in the morning, and so goeth to his bed." Fletcher at first found himself treated cavalierly, but after the defeat of the Spanish Armada he experienced great politeness.

## THE BURMESE.

Taken altogether, the Burmese are a fine robust race, among whom physical deformity and mental weakness are unusually rare. The men are almost invariably tattooed from the waist to the knees with figures of birds and animals, on a groundwork of delicate tracery and waving lines. The operation is performed with needles, is exceedingly painful, and is executed with a black or blue coloring matter. It is often commenced at as early an age as six years. The arms are frequently tattooed in vermilion with cabalistic characters, supposed to be charms against disease and evil spirits. The hair is tied in a knot on the top of the head, and intertwined with a piece of gay muslin or silk, a jacket of stuff or cotton hangs from the shoulders, while a bright-colored cloth wound round the waist, extending to the ankles, and with one end thrown jauntily over the breast like a Highlander's scarf, completes the costume. The women are frequently nice-looking, and adepts in enhancing their personal appearance by rich and graceful dress. Their black hair is carefully dressed and perfumed, gathered together behind the head, and usually adorned with fresh flowers. They wear a vest or bodice of the material known as Turkey red; a petticoat of native silk, partially open in front, so that in walking it displays whichever leg is thrown forward, and a train of a different pattern, the graceful management of which is one of the accomplishments of a Burmese belle. An open jacket, a shawl draped across the shoulders, and a pair of red sandals are also worn. Their jewelry is massive and handsome, consisting of pure gold and precious stones. Both sexes have the lobe of the ear bored, and the aperture enlarged by inserting gradually an increasing number of slips of bamboo. In these slits they wear tubes or cylinders of gold about an inch and a half long, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Men, women, and children are inveterate smokers, and the ear-tubes are not inconvenient receptacles for half-smoked cigars.

Women hold a very different position in Burmah to the one to which they are condemned by the Mohammedans and Hindoos. They wear no veils, have their own legal rights, can hold real property independently of their husbands, and are universally respected and considered by the other sex. Their manners are pleasantly frank, though always well-bred, and they are allowed freedom of choice in matrimony. It is quite as common and natural to see a betrothed couple enjoying an evening walk in Burmah as it is in England. The greatest reverence is shown by children to their parents, and by all to the aged. Good temper is a prevailing characteristic; and though none seem to be very rich, there is no poverty. If a family should happen to be in want, the neighbors help them, and strangers are always hospitably welcomed and fed.

Marriage is a purely civil rite. When young people "understand each other," the mother or eldest female relative of the man sounds the girl's mother, and if she offer no objection, some of the suitor's elderly kinsfolk propose the marriage formally to the parents of the bride elect, and arrange whatever settlement can be made. Their consent being given, the bridegroom provides the trousseau according to the capacity of his purse. A feast is prepared; the affianced pair eat out of the same dish in the presence of the assembled guests; and then the husband presents his wife with some *hla-pet*, or pickled tea, she does the same by him, and the ceremony is completed. This preserved or pickled tea is made up with some glutinous substance into small balls or cakes, and is chiefly imported from the countries bordering on China. It is much used on ceremonial occasions by the Burmese, who dress it with sesamum oil, garlic, and asafœtida, and look upon it as a great delicacy.

Rice, as in most other Asiatic countries, forms the staple food, and is usually accompanied by stewed fish, meat, and vegetables. Cucumber salad is a very popular dish, and chutneys of different flavors abound, the most indispensable one to a Burmese repast being a very strong compound of prawns and the roes of various fish, seasoned with chillies, garlic, and other spicy condiments. Bird's-nest soup is as highly prized as it is in China.

The meals are served up in circular red trays of graduated sizes, fitting one after another into a conical apparatus called an "ok." The largest tray holds the rice, and is placed at the bottom; and the others contain cups, and plates of meat, fish, etc. The assembled company sit round the rice, and help themselves to it by handfuls, which they season with the contents of the smaller dishes, passing them round from one to another. They are all water-drinkers, as becomes devout Buddhists.

Their religion forbids them to kill any animal, but they have no scruple in eating what has been killed by other people. Their appetites are remarkably robust, and they do not hesitate to eat creatures that have died a natural death, and are not at all inclined to despise the flesh of rats, snakes, and lizards, while some of the tribes highly appreciate roast, and even raw, monkey.

## LYING IN BED.

Taking an occasional day in bed, simply on account of indisposition, is a very simple and rudimentary notion of this glorious institution. Bed is the natural domicile of every man:

"In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And born in bed, in bed we die."

Bavard, the French physiologist, maintained that man is an animal who exercises the thinking faculty best in a horizontal position. Thus there are high artistic, social, and intellectual uses connected with the occasional day in bed which imperatively claim discussion. Brindley, the great engineer, when he was fairly bothered and puzzled by some tough problem, always betook himself to bed until he had solved it. Most people have a great kindness for Lord Melbourne, who, under the affectation of frivolity, used to get up Hebrew and the Fathers, and imperturbable good humor to bear with his wife, Lady Caroline, while the pretty Byron-struck termagant used to smash the drawing-room furniture. His intimate friends would find the Premier calmly taking breakfast in bed, with letters and dispatches strewed all over the counterpane. The poets have been terrible fellows to get out of bed. Perhaps it is because the visions of the day and of the night sweetly intermingle. The poet Thomson cultivated laziness as a fine art, and thought out his poems in bed. Pope was a still worse fellow. When he had a fit of inspiration on him, he would keep the servants running about for him all through the night. He made amends to them by the plenteousness of his "vails."

Let us analyze this lying in bed a little further. I maintain that in the mere fact of lying in bed there is something healthy and recuperative to the system. The wheels of life are oiled and eased. The proper and legitimate purpose of stopping in bed is to go to sleep. There is nothing like sleep. There is no tonic or medicine in the whole world like sleep. The more sleep the brain gets, the better does the brain work. All great brain-workers have been great sleepers. Sir Walter Scott could never do with less than ten hours. A fool may want eight hours, as George III. said, but a philosopher wants nine. The men who have been the greatest generals are the men who could sleep at will. Thus it was with both Wellington and Napoleon. The greatest speakers in the House of Commons have been the men who could go to sleep there as much as they liked. This explained the juvenility of the aged Palmerston. "Sleep," says the Greek proverb, "is the medicine for every disease." "If he sleep, he will do well." A friend told me that he treated himself for a fever: he went to bed, with a large pitcher of lemonade by his side; he drank and slept, slept and drank, till he drank and slept himself well again. When you take to your bed, get all the sleep you can out of your bedstead, even although, to quote Dick Swiveller's saying, you have to pay for a double-bedded room, confessing that you have taken a most unreasonable amount of sleep out of a single bed. You will be banking a whole store of recuperative energy. Even if you can not sleep, still keep to your bed. There is no more pestilent heresy than that you should get up directly you are awake. If it is the early riser who catches the worm, the worm is a great idiot in rising still earlier in order to be caught. If you do not get sleep by lying in bed, you get rest. You secure the fallow ground which will hereafter produce a good harvest. Sleep is, of course, the proper employment for bed, but if you don't sleep, you can lie still and read. I don't believe that the man who gets up really learns or does more than the man who lies in bed. If for a moment the writer may be egotistical, some of the hardest work which he has ever done has been from the early dawn till after a breakfast in bed. Of all sleep in the world there is none so good as what you get, in the way of treasure-trove, after the usual time of waking—when, in point of fact, you have given up the expectation of getting any more sleep. As for being "called," as the saying goes, that is simply a relic of the barbarism of our ancestors. I should quarrel with any man who presumed to "call" me. One of the main beauties of an occasional day in bed is that you get an extra stock of sleep, which goes to the credit side of your sanitary account.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In 1872 the records of mortality in this city showed that 16,186 children under five years of age had died during the year. In 1878, notwithstanding the great increase in the population of New York, the number of deaths of children under five had decreased to 12,410. Even this latter number indicates a fearful defect in sanitary conditions; but it shows an improvement, which is mainly due to the efforts of the Board of Health, and to the private charities which have labored to save the little ones. Every summer physicians and visitors go about among the tenement-houses to give medical assistance to the sick poor, and to advise them how to take care of their children. Many arrangements are now made to give change of air for a few days to infants who in hot weather, suffering and weak, are shut up in stifled tenements. The "Sick Children's Mission," the "Flower Mission," the "Poor Children's Summer Home," and many other similar enterprises are saving hundreds of lives every year. A "Sick Infants' Retreat" is about to be established upon the sea-shore near Coney Island, where poor mothers can take their feeble infants for a few days to breathe the invigorating air. The plan of sending older children into country homes for two or three weeks has been found most advantageous. It should be remembered, however, that the success of these charitable undertakings depends largely upon the liberality of the public.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the coffee-house of the "New York Bible and Fruit Mission to our Public Hospitals" was performed on May 27 in the presence of an interested audience. Several well-known clergymen and philanthropic citizens took part in the exercises. It will be remembered by most of our readers that the special design of this coffee-house—which is located in East Twenty-sixth Street, opposite Bellevue Hospital—is to provide a comfortable and inexpensive place of refreshment for those who are discharged from hospitals and other public institutions. It is hoped that this may be the means of preventing many from entering the numerous liquor saloons which cluster in that locality.

Peace and union seem at last to be effected between the two elevated railway companies by placing them under one control. Hereafter all the lines are to be managed by the Manhattan Company, and it is expected that the change will result in safety, improvements, and the speedy completion of the roads.

Every day thousands and thousands of letters are received at the Post-office inadequately addressed. Great confusion and trouble are caused by this carelessness and neglect, and the department has made an appeal to the public, asking that more attention be paid to this matter in future. The need of designating the *State* is shown by the fact that there are in the United States no less than 18 places named Brooklyn; 5 named Baltimore; 10 named Boston; Buffalo, 16; Burlington, 17; Charleston, 17; Chicago, 4; Cincinnati, 8; Cleveland, 10; Columbus, 19; Dayton, 25; Detroit, 5; Indianapolis, 2; Louisville, 15; Lowell, 15; Memphis, 8; Milwaukee, 3; Nashville, 14; Omaha, 5; Pittsburgh, 8; Philadelphia, 7; Portland, 14; Quincy, 15; Richmond, 22; Springfield, 25; St. Joseph, 15; St. Louis, 4; St. Paul, 12; Toledo, 7; Washington, 30; Wilmington, 13; and Williamsburg, 28.

Congress drags its slow length along, although stormy efforts have been made to fix the day of adjournment on June 10.

Between November 4, 1878, and May 3, 1879, there were thirty-four "snow-storms" in Boston—although from the record printed in local journals it seems as if some of these scarcely deserve the name of "storm."

It is rumored that the King of Spain will marry the Archduchess Mary Christina of Austria some time next fall. The young princess is about twenty years old.

*Just One Day* is the title of a neat little volume published by George R. Lockwood. Just one day in the life of "mamma" is presented by a series of morning, noon, afternoon, and evening sketches, the touching truths of which will be recognized by every young mother whose darling household pets are numerous. Young husbands inclined to marvel over the mysterious ways of women when "mamma" breaks into nervous crying at the dinner table, or to express surprise because the little wife, who has spent "a quiet day at home with the children," should always be so tired at night, would do well to give this little book a thoughtful reading.

The sixth number of *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, published by Macmillan & Co., London, completes the first volume of this valuable work. This dictionary is of special service to non-professionals who are interested in all matters pertaining to music. Clear and simple explanations are given of all technical terms, as well as of the special nature of a sonata, fugue, and other forms of musical composition. All kinds of musical instruments are well described, and short interesting biographies are given of celebrated composers and performers. Numerous wood-cuts illustrating the peculiarities of some musical instruments, and many presentations in music type of certain forms of composition, add greatly to the value of the work.

A history of the origin of sparkling Champagne attributes its discovery to an accident. The wines of Champagne have a natural tendency toward effervescence, and a monk of more taste than honesty, who had abstracted from a cask in the monasterial cellars some still Champagne, which he bottled for his own private drinking, was alarmed one night by a series of explosions. Corks had been blown into the air, and the stolen wine which he had vainly endeavored to keep in confinement was running in froth and foam over the sides of the bottles. The terrified monk concluded that the devil must have got into the wine; but the prior of the monastery, to whom confession was made, knew better. He tasted the wine, found at once that it was good, shrewdly determined to bottle some for himself, and ended by going through a series of experiments, which had for result the discovery of the true art of making sparkling Champagne.

It is a fit matter for sincere thankfulness that two prominent and sensational murder trials, whose details have fed an unwholesome public appetite, are practically ended. The cases were remarkable, and no doubt good moral lessons *might* be deduced from the extraordinary developments of the trials. But to the great mass of newspaper readers these details of gross crime and immorality are simply mental and moral poison. The mere headings of paragraphs in some of our daily newspapers are enough to make the head sick and the heart faint, and it is most deplorable that such contaminating streams mingle with the more wholesome flood of news which constantly flows through our households. Can not some more refined process of sifting be applied to what is called the "news of the day?"

Two elegant cars are being made at Troy for the Marquis of Lorne, at a cost of $15,000. Their fittings are luxurious, and in them the Marquis and the Princess will probably travel to this country.

New Orleans has taken a step or two toward bringing itself into good sanitary conditions. The work of flooding the streets was begun not long ago, and will tend to cleanse them thoroughly. But the most stringent measures will be needful to compel citizens of all classes to keep their houses and premises in a cleanly condition—a matter which will involve a revolution in the habits of a large portion of the population.

The free public baths will be opened early in June. A new bath, to be located at the Battery, is now being built, and will be finished during the month of June.

The following incident is related in connection with the late Asa Otis, of New London, Connecticut, who left a million dollars for foreign missions. He happened to be at one of the New London fish markets on the wharfs, clad in his customary overalls, and, as ever, unassuming in his deportment, when the captain of a sinking vessel rushed ashore, and seizing Mr. Otis by the shoulder, shouted: "Say, old man, quick! do you want a job?" Mr. Otis looked at him a little surprised, and turned away, whereupon the persistent captain followed him up and again demanded: "Say, you, don't you want a job to pump out my vessel?" As Mr. Otis remained silent, the exasperated captain exclaimed: "Well, old chap, if you are too lazy to work, you will die in the poor-house, surer than thunder."

Seventy-five years ago the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise, in Paris, was laid out by the order of Bonaparte. The first interment therein was made May 21, 1804.

Nearly 50,000 children, with their teachers and officers, took part in the anniversary parade of the Brooklyn Sunday-schools. And a very beautiful sight was witnessed by the numerous spectators. The City Hall, Court-house, Municipal Building, and hundreds of private houses throughout the city were gayly decorated with flags and banners. But the children themselves, bright, happy, and prettily dressed, formed the chief attraction, of course. They enjoyed the marching and the subsequent refreshments, and their older friends enjoyed watching them.

It is said that the Niagara Falls Prospect Park Company have contracted for an electric light machine, and intend to locate the lights in such positions as will enable them to illuminate the great cataract on a magnificent scale.

The Ladies' Sanitary Association of London makes an appeal for a fresh-air fund, for the purpose of sending the children of the Ragged Schools into the parks. They suggest that they go in groups of about fifty, at such hours as will interfere as little as possible with regular school duties.

Gilmore's Garden is to be known hereafter as the "Madison Square Garden," and is to be lighted by electricity.

A terrible tragedy occurred on May 25 at Niagara Falls. The keeper of a boat-house, who has been noted for his courage in saving life, but who was addicted to intoxication, went over the American Falls in a row-boat in the full view of a large party of excursionists, who were unable to render any help. He was seen in an intoxicated state a few hours previous to the accident; and it is supposed that he went in his boat to one of the islands, drank several glasses of beer with some companions, and then attempted to row to Port Day or to Goat Island—a perilous feat which he had often accomplished on a wager. When the spectators caught sight of him he was in the rapids just above Goat Island; but his efforts to release his boat were feeble, and his oars soon fell from his helpless hands. While his fragile craft swept along toward destruction, the wretched man lay in the bottom of the boat in deep intoxication. More than once the boat drifted into such locations that, had he been sober, he could easily have jumped out and clung to the rocks until some means of escape had been devised. But he made no attempt to help himself, and the horrified spectators saw him cast into the roaring rapids.

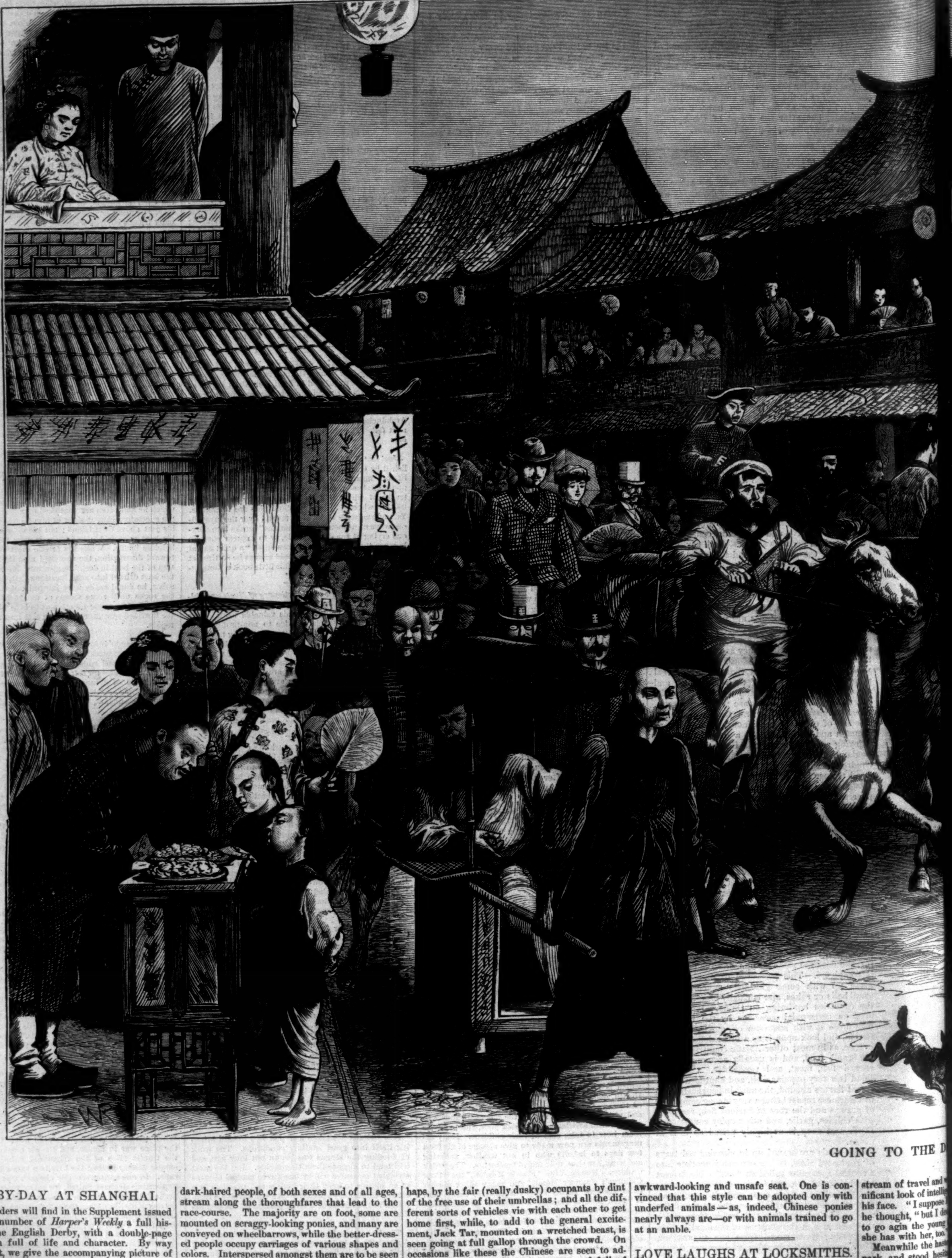
An exchange informs its readers that "saucissenkartoffelbruchsauerkrautkranzwuurst" is a favorite German dish, and adds that a railroad traveller who had "five minutes for refreshments" undertook to call for a plate of "saucissenkartoffelbruchsauerkrautkranzwuurst," and the train was at the next station, twenty miles distant, before he had half finished asking for the dish.

King Ludwig of Bavaria, as is well known, has a strange distaste for all publicity, especially at theatres. Nevertheless he has a passionate fondness for the drama, and his judgment in regard to it, and the allied arts of music, poetry, etc., is considered excellent. But he is so shy of all society that he will not attend public performances, but arranges for representations of plays and operas at which he constitutes the sole and entire audience. On such occasions not even the manager dares show himself in the house, but watches the performance from behind the scenes. The king is severely critical of actors and actresses, but readily appreciates and rewards excellence.

Chloroform should certainly be administered with great caution. Its fatal result in a recent case adds one more to the record of warnings. A gentleman of this city, in preparation for undergoing a surgical operation, took chloroform, administered to him by physicians. He died almost immediately, even before fully under the influence of the anæsthetic.

A design for the new international two-cent postal card has been approved by the Post-office Department. On the upper left corner are the words, "Universal Postal Union, United States of America," in English and French. The stamp consists of the head of Liberty copied from the gold double eagle, surrounded by a ribbon border, with a monogram "U. S." at the top, and a buckle at the bottom with the figure "2" in octagon blocks on either side. In the upper half of the circle are the words "Postal Card," and in the lower half "Two Cents." The card has also, to more clearly define it from the ordinary one-cent card, a neat border around the edge on the address side.

A menagerie of wild beasts destroyed by fire must be a conflagration of unusual horror. A short time ago a large building on the premises of J. W. French, near Detroit, Michigan, in which wild animals were kept during the winter, was burned, with all the animals which remained of his once famous menagerie. When the fire was discovered, the whole interior of the place was in flames, and the air resounded with the frantic cries of the frightened animals, which sprang fiercely against the bars in a vain effort to escape. In one corner, securely chained, was the huge performing elephant Sultan, for many years a prominent attraction at circus performances. Mr. French, at the risk of his life, dashed through the flame and smoke, and endeavored, vainly, to unloose the great brute, almost frantic with fear, and whose shrill trumpeting rang out loud and clear above all other sounds. Every living inmate of the shed was soon burned to death, and all that was left was a mass of glowing embers and red-hot cages. The animals destroyed consisted of five performing lions (once claimed to be worth $12,000, but since depreciated in value), the elephant, two California lions, an ibex, three kangaroos, one tiger, one zébra that had been trained to trot in harness, a sacred cow and her sacred calf, and a Rocky Mountain big-horned deer. The scene during the fire baffled description. Two of the lions fell upon each other and fought desperately, and the cries and struggles of other imprisoned brutes were pitiful.



GOING TO THE D

## DERBY-DAY AT SHANGHAI.

Our readers will find in the Supplement issued with this number of *Harper's Weekly* a full history of the English Derby, with a double-page illustration full of life and character. By way of contrast, we give the accompanying picture of Derby-day at Shanghai. It is proverbial that Englishmen are so passionately fond of horse-racing that wherever they assemble in numbers they are sure to introduce their favorite pastime. China is no exception, and the interest it excites amongst the natives leads one to suppose that it is an amusement suitable to the temperament of the nation.

At Shanghai on race-days vast crowds of this dark-haired people, of both sexes and of all ages, stream along the thoroughfares that lead to the race-course. The majority are on foot, some are mounted on scraggy-looking ponies, and many are conveyed on wheelbarrows, while the better-dressed people occupy carriages of various shapes and colors. Interspersed amongst them are to be seen the splendid equipages of Europeans. Lining the roads are venders of all sorts of delicacies, such as sweetmeats, cakes, and fruit, which remind one of the roads to the races at home, only that the characters and surroundings are so very different. On returning from the races this curious concourse seems imbued with the spirit which animated the jockeys, for wheelbarrow races with wheelbarrow, the poor coolies goaded on, perhaps, by the fair (really dusky) occupants by dint of the free use of their umbrellas; and all the different sorts of vehicles vie with each other to get home first, while, to add to the general excitement, Jack Tar, mounted on a wretched beast, is seen going at full gallop through the crowd. On occasions like these the Chinese are seen to advantage, for though they are merry and full of fun, they are never rude.

It is satisfactory to know that, besides the amusement afforded by it, racing is doing some good in China by producing a class of men who are adopting the English style of riding; and any one who has seen the two styles must acknowledge this to be no slight change. The natives ride with such very short stirrups as to give an awkward-looking and unsafe seat. One is convinced that this style can be adopted only with underfed animals—as, indeed, Chinese ponies nearly always are—or with animals trained to go at an amble.

## LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

A girlish figure descended from an open carriage at a place in the city where the broad thoroughfare of fashion passed a narrow park, and hastily joined the thread of people who were crossing the main path under shadow of the beautiful aspen-trees, just budded into luxuriance.

The coachman turned his horses aside from the stream of travel and w[…] nificant look of intell[…] his face. "I suppose […] he thought, "but I d[…] to go agin the young […] she has with her, too."

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...m-chair, who ex-claimed at once joyfully, in a remarkably sweet voice, "Well, Josy dear, this is delightful. I have wanted to see you so much all day, and I gave up the hope half an hour ago."

"Only a moment now, Aunt Rachel," said the girl, kissing the lady very affectionately, closing the door softly and locking it, pushing the chair back to its place that she knew so well by the ivy-wreathed window, where the little sewing-table and the heaped work-basket stood, and then sinking upon the sofa quite rosy, but not at all breathless, after her rapid walk. "Oh, how sweet it is here!" she said, looking around admiringly. "Aunt Rachel, how *do* you make your window plants grow so beautifully and luxuriantly? I believe your heart shines on your plants as well as the sunshine; I never saw such monthly roses and callas. And every thing is so peaceful here! I like the old-fashioned furniture, dark as ebony almost, and clear as a mirror."

"You like it because you can see your face in it, Josy?" said the elder woman, fondly. "Well, I wish you could every day. The week seems long coming round, and I'm always in fear that there will be a positive command against it."

"Never!" said Josy. "I will not *take* a positive command against it; I will against some things—most things—but not this. No; I'm coming to see you as long as I live, Aunt Rachel! Don't you know 'Love laughs at locksmiths?'"

"Well, I believe you do love me, Josy."

"I should think so. My own mother's sister—strange if I did not love you! But here!" and Josy uprose from the sofa and began to disburden herself of certain little packages which had been concealed in her pockets and in her reticule—"here are some peppermint drops; they are a new kind, very refreshing. And here is a bottle of eau-de-Cologne; now do use it plentifully, Aunt Rachel, when your head aches; and this is the book I promised, called *Dita*. I think you will enjoy it. And here—oh, you will like this, for it is my own work, and will show you how I am improving in needle-work; the monogram upon the mouchoir I marked myself."

"Oh, but, Josephine, you must not do these things, my child. You are spending all your pocket-money for me."

"Don't say a word, Aunt Rachel; it is my pleasure. And now I must go. But Sunday, if mamma goes to O——, as she has written, I'll come and spend the whole day with you, and we'll have such a nice talk. You can't think how many things I have to tell you."

"And you can't think what I have to tell you," said Aunt Rachel.

But after the dear girl had gone, the gentle lady gravely pondered:

"But shall I tell her? What good can it do her now as Mrs. Melwyn's adopted daughter? Might I not by telling her do more harm than good? I will keep silent, at least for the present, until I have time to study the probable effect of this wonderful secret, that even to me

seems more like a dream of romance than sober reality."

"Thank you, Thomas," said Josy, reaching the carriage; "and now—straight home." She gave the command with a smile so bright that Thomas sighed, "My conscience, what a way she has! Tell on her? Not me."

"One of my headaches, chère maman," said Harry Melwyn, flinging himself languidly upon the sofa. "I promised to go to the Ferbleaus' to-night, but, on my word, I can not unless this pain lets up."

"Josy," said Mrs. Melwyn, dictatorially, to the adopted daughter, who was bending over her embroidery in a room communicating, by open folding-doors with the parlor, where mother and son for an hour after dinner were together, "go and get the eau-de-Cologne, and bathe Harry's forehead."

Josy brought the Cologne and bathed the white forehead, pressing back softly—alas! how softly only her own heart knew, how softly no other heart ever *should* know—the rings of dark curls.

"No fingers like *yours*, Josy," murmured the half-closed lips beneath eyes that after one expressive glance at her face, one rather too-expressive glance, had dreamily closed. "No fingers with a touch like those; no soft little hand like—"

"Do you feel better, Harry?" asked his mother.

"I am recovering—slowly," answered the masculine voice feebly, and then, "Don't go; don't go, Josy," murmured again a lowered love-tone tremulously.

"I must go," said Josephine.

And she went. A few minutes thereafter Harry Melwyn arose with an air of impatience, and said, moodily, "Well, I'm off for the Ferbleaus'. It's a bore; and I wouldn't go if I had not promised Lillie Ferbleau. I suppose they depend on me."

"Indeed, I know they do," said his mother, with a smile of complete complacency.

Returning at eleven o'clock, Harry met Josephine in the upper hall, coming from his mother's dressing-room, her arms overhung with drapery—evidence of having assisted at the night toilet, as she often did, Mrs. Melwyn graciously affirming that Josy was so much more soothing to her nerves than her French maid.

"Josy," said Harry, stopping midway of the space and barring the passage, "let me kiss your hand; grant that, if no more."

"Not that," said Josy.

"Listen to me," persisted Harry; "you *must* listen to me! Josephine, angel; Josephine, my darling, you know that I love you with my whole soul; that I never can and never will love any other woman; then why not listen to me? Let me have that comfort. I know, indeed, as well as you have been made to know it, that it is against all my education and against all your cruel training that I should care for you; but, Josy dearest, 'Love laughs at locksmiths.'"

"Harry, Harry Melwyn, let go my hand; let me pass; leave me. If you ever speak to me of *love* again, if you dare to speak to me any more as you have to-night, I shall be gone from your sight instantly. I shall not be here; I shall run away and seek refuge with my aunt. I mean what I say; now go. Harry, are you mad? No, I will not, must not, listen; it is treachery to your mother; it is injustice to my own sense of right. There, go at once; oh, why do you keep me? Harry, *dear* Harry, this is the last; it must be the last. Good-night, good-night."

Mrs. Melwyn on the morrow took from tne silver tray, brought to her by her little page, a carefully sealed note—a clerically sealed note—which she examined, both seal and contents, slowly, expectantly, and with an occasional sigh, not dolorous, but sentimental.

"My deeply esteemed Parishioner,—I fancy it is an unnecessary task on my part to convey in written language a declaration the spirit of which has, I fear, in spite of my efforts at concealment, become patent to my people, and which, I think, your clear and penetrating soul must have long since divined.

"And yet, unnecessary as the task is, an unconquerable impulse urges me to set in positive terms that declaration before you. My dearest parishioner, my beloved 'sister of charity,' my endeared 'angel of mercy,' sweet Mrs. Melwyn, *I love you.* Will you be my wife?

"Let me array the arguments which my ardent admiration for your character, my entire devotion to your lovely image, and all my hopes of earthly happiness unanimously dictate.

"First, in uniting your destiny with mine you will be virtually assuming the office of a priestess in that goodly temple whose service you consider chief delight. Second, it will give you the complete possession of that 'disinterested advice' which, in your oft-made appeals to my judgment in regard to your worldly affairs, you have been pleased to call a boon. Providence, my beloved parishioner, has been very bountiful in granting you unusual supplies of those temporal ameliorations calculated to smooth life's allotted pathway through this 'vale of tears.' The proper management of these mundane resources, which your admirably feminine 'aversion to business' has made an onerous appendage to the gifts of fortune, would, in case you accept my proposition, become the object of my humble stewardship, allied with that 'best judgment' the flattering appreciation of and gracious deference to which have been, in a woman of your solid intelligence, among the most amiable of your fascinations. Third, although the envy and malice which accompany high position and brilliant personal charms have not been lacking, as you well know, in some circles of my congregation, I feel assured that to the greater part of my people the enshrining of yourself as my gracious colleague in pastoral office will be hailed with appreciative gladness. And in regard to the unhappy few not so included, we may trust that time will heal the wounds that the positive and open expression of my choice will inevitably inflict. Fourth (lastly), dear Mrs. Melwyn, in becoming my wife you will secure for yourself to 'the bound of life, where we lay our burden down,' the unrivalled attachment and unwearying devotion of the heart that has long been yours—the heart that beats at this moment with the most ardent palpitations of hope and fear. Do not, I beseech you, keep longer in suspense over this momentous topic

"Your agitated and supremely attached
"Guy Sanscroll."

Mrs. Melwyn, after reading this singular epistle, leaned her head upon her hand, dropped her eyelids and the corners of her well-turned lips pensively, and mused for many minutes. Then she arose, and going to her mirror, surveyed herself critically, first in full figure, advancing and retreating, then with a side glass at various angles. Her survey was apparently in affirmation of some mental question; the exclamation that concluded it was a comment upon her previous reflections. "Liberty is sweet," said the matron.

The note written thereafter, and dispatched immediately, proved that this conclusion was deliberate.

"My dearest Pastor,—Deeply sensible of the honor you have paid me, I must—and not without pangs of reluctance, which I am sure you will comprehend—decline for the present even the *consideration* of the subject which your deeply prized letter unfolds.

"I am bound—need I say it?—by strongest ties of consanguinity to a career not yet accomplished, and I have, unfortunately, an adopted daughter, the enigma of whose life is still to be solved. While these obligating interests remain to claim my vigilance and protection, I have no right to harbor suggestions of a strictly personal kind.

"In the mean time, my revered pastor, dear Dr. Sanscroll, let me say confidentially and for your consoling that the unhappy monosyllable which circumstance compels is in this case, at least, the foster-brother of 'yes.'

"And I am as ever, with all good wishes,
"Your devoted friend,
"Clara Annette Melwyn."

This note dispatched, Mrs. Melwyn flung herself into her arm-chair with an air of agreeable fatigue, and resumed her meditations.

"No longer young, but with sufficient matronly charm to be attractive for five years to come. And liberty is sweet. I do not indorse the flippant declaration of my volatile friend Mrs. Malcom, that 'tis worth while enduring for some years the trammels and tediums of matrimony to be in the end a rich widow. That would be reflecting unkindly upon poor Eugene, who certainly, whatever faults he had—what husband has them not?—redeemed them nobly in his generous provision for me.

"What an amiable clause in the will!—'And at the marriage of my son Harry, *if my said son marries to please his mother*, then he shall become possessed,' and so on. Well, it is time the boy should enjoy this provisional inheritance; he is nearly twenty-three. And I do approve of Lillie Ferbleau. Personally she is a nonentity; but nonentity is an advantage in a daughter-in-law, and in all other respects the match is unexceptionable. Josephine must at once accept Nathan Cutler. He is not, to be sure, young, or what silly girls call fascinating; but he is rich and rising; he is *substantial;* and what can Josy expect more? I will give her, as my adopted daughter, a generous wedding in October, and Harry shall be married early in November, as soon as every one is in town. The weddings over, I will go abroad for three years. I will spend 'the seasons' in London, where my sister's position affords me a brilliant opening, and during other months travel upon the Continent, coming home possibly once or twice to look after my property.

"Dr. Sanscroll will wait. He adores me. I only wish that detestable Harriet Mansfield could know at once of his offer. She is so unendurably assuming! Only yesterday she was here, asserting such importance, and making her significant innuendoes, as if Dr. Sanscroll and the whole congregation belonged to her. Oh, if she could only know how powerless is her rivalry! She will have to wear her intolerable assurance a little longer. This is the only bitter drop in my felicity; but I must not let it precipitate me into undue haste. I must have my few years abroad, my petite pastime of leisure and travel. I never was more capable of enjoyment than I am now."

So Mrs. Melwyn planned. But who in this world of fitful fortune, of capricious fate, and of a providence that seeks through all caprices and all fluctuations only "the greatest good to the greatest number," can plan, and plan *selfishly*, trusting the future for a sure fulfillment?

Not Mrs. Melwyn, certainly, as time proved.

A lovely day in late September—one of those dreamy, sunshiny, wind-hushed, and colorful days that make us say, "Autumn is the most beautiful season. Spring, with all its emeralds, its song, and its sparkle, can not compare with our Western fall in intensity of charming."

Exquisitely in light and shadow, through the locust-trees and the broad elms, fell that September day on the lawn of Edenyard; and upon the river-side, bluff, where a lady, in attitude and expression all contentment, was seated in her wheeled arm-chair, enjoying the river view in its afternoon tinting. On the low arbor-bench at her side was a girl whose dimpled youth and bloom of health seemed to belie her momentary air of sadness.

"Josy darling," the lady was saying, "I do not want to complain, for Heaven knows to me you are all sunshine; but sometimes I fancy—perhaps it is but fancy—that in secret, in solitude, hidden from every one, there is a shadow that you feel, a secret sorrow of your own. Is there? Now tell me truly, Josy."

"Oh no, dear auntie," Josephine answered, quickly; "I am very, very happy. This lovely home in the country, with you always so thoughtful and affectionate, is delightful. Indeed, it seems to me like a fable, like the romance of Aladdin's lamp, that when, in my sudden overwhelming trouble, I flew away to you for shelter—hardly for sustenance—you should have opened this restful, delicious retreat, this paradise of luxury and comfort. You have saved me not only from a hated marriage, but from every evil consequence of flinging myself penniless upon 'the wide, wide world.' You must tell me some time by what magician's wand it was accomplished. You promised, you know, that by-and-by you would tell me every thing." And then, in a somewhat changed voice, she added: "No cloud, Aunt Rachel—unless, perhaps, the *moonlight*. Lately we have had such superb moonlight nights; and somehow, I don't know why, such evenings sadden me. I can not sleep before dawn, or rest the day after. I wish these brilliant autumn moonlights were all over; that is all, dear auntie."

Hardly had she spoken these words, hardly had Aunt Rachel time to think, "Josy has some regretful association with the moonlight," when steps came bounding down the walk, an advancing figure appeared in the curve of the bluff-bound lawn, and Josephine arose, pale and trembling, to be caught impetuously in the arms of a young man, who, regardless of all other presence, cried softly, but with such unmistakable rapture as only lovers know, "At last, at last, my darling!"

Explanation followed. "This is Harry Melwyn, my adopted brother, dear aunt," on the part of Josephine, whose pallor had changed to vivid blushes.

"An old, old friend," said Harry, who, the personation of youth, to whose image in look or word or aspect the word "old" could be applicable never, so presented himself—"an old, old friend, Aunt Rachel. Let me call you by that name, which I have learned from Josy, at once; for if I did not to-day, I certainly should to-morrow. And I shall be here to-morrow" (this to Josephine), "that is, if you do not drive me forcibly away. I have come to stay for a day and an evening—one of *our* evenings—one of these September moonlight evenings."

Explanation followed. But between this brief prelude to it and the time when in completeness it was resumed the little company of three spent an hour until sunset upon the bluff, talking but idly, Harry lying in the grass at Josephine's feet, and, in answer to eager questions, describing fragmentarily scenes of his summer tour in Europe, from which he had returned, he said, a month earlier than he was expected; describing vividly, but plenteously interlacing his story with interjectional appeals to Josephine—"But what were you doing then, Josy?" "Where were you in July?" "Where were you in August?" "What were *you* thinking of that morning that I climbed 'Pilatus,' and saw the sun rise?" "That night I rested at Geneva, and had such a vision of you, what were you dreaming of then, Josephine?" And so on.

And after sunset it was tea-time. Going up the lawn, Harry, gently rolling the wheeled chair, and leaning over Aunt Rachel's shoulder, said to her, unheard by Josy, who went on before, her graceful image winning every now and then such an absorbing thought of admiration that the rolling-chair stopped for an instant sympathetically, in connection with some other confidential remark, "My mother was determined that I should marry no one but an heiress!"

"How fortunate, then," said Aunt Rachel, dryly, "that Josephine is an heiress."

"An heiress indeed," repeated Harry. "She inherits every thing that I prize: grace, loveliness, intelligence, kindness. Josy is kind to every one. But," he added, disdainfully, "my mother did not mean in that way."

"Nor do I," said Aunt Rachel, mysteriously.

Glenn, the housekeeper, met them at the lawn terrace. "Tea is ready, madam; and a lady has been here who seemed in a very excited mood, and she would not leave her name, and she said she would be back in an hour; and the oysters are cooked in the 'Club' style, and must be eaten now, and the waffles are being buttered."

"We are all ready," said Aunt Rachel, smiling at Glenn. "But who," she thought, "can this excited lady be?"

Such a pleasant, comfortable, romantic tea-time! Lights, half sunset glow, half lamp-light; furniture, dainty yet cottage-like; service, informal; oysters, delicious; tea, a reverie; waffles, hotly buttered and sprinkled with honey; Aunt Rachel obtusely observant, and so contented that tranquil content was "catching;" Josephine so beautiful; Harry so loving, so hungry, so exuberant, so radiantly young with youth's satisfactory effulgence. A typical tea-time, prophetic—could it be so?—of domestic bliss, agitating yet restful.

The lingering meal was scarcely finished when the excited lady was announced, and the trio united in receiving her, Aunt Rachel, Harry, and Josephine appearing simultaneously in the drawing-room doorway.

At sight of this group the excited lady, who was standing by the sofa opposite the door, nearly fainted. But she instantly rallied, and rallied passionately.

"Here you are, then—*together*. You ungrateful children!" she cried. "Are you not ashamed to meet my searching eyes? And you, madam, an invalid, an antediluvian, a being with one foot in the grave, are you not afraid, superstitiously afraid, to harbor such miscreants? Oh, Harry, how could you come home impulsively a month before you were expected, and refuse to marry Lillie Ferbleau, and rush away from the city without waiting to see me, to join again this base girl? Yes, Josephine, I know how artfully you have insnared him. I know how the words have become current that you were but a wagerless slave in the house of adoption. I know—"

And here another guest was admitted—a gentleman dusty with travel, a worthy artistic pendant for the excited lady as he stood, flushed and panting, before Aunt Rachel. "Can you tell me, madam, where I can find Mrs.—" And then suddenly paused, as the lady he sought dawned upon him, and half dazed with pleasure, anxiety, and ardor, he rushed to her, exclaiming, "Mrs. Melwyn! My dearest parishioner—Clara Annette—are you *here?*"

"Here, Dr. Sanscroll? Certainly, with my family," answered the lady, instantly calmed when confronted with this exaggerated reflection of her own mood of excitement. "But why," she added, loftily, "this unexpected intrusion?"

"Dear madam," cried Dr. Sanscroll, "have you banished me from pardon? Let me explain, I pray you. You are mistaken; you are acting under the impression of a malicious fabrication; *I am not engaged to* Miss Mansfield. The story is the mischievous plot of misguided jealousy. I received your letter, reprimanding me so bitterly, too late to reach you yesterday. When I sought you this morning you had started. You journeyed by boat, I by rail. Excuse the dust of my journey. Heaven be praised, I have overtaken you!"

"Be calm, Dr. Sanscroll, I entreat you," said the lady, becoming really embarrassed by this undisguised fervor. "We will talk of all this later." She took his hand, and he stood beside her.

"I am reasoning with Harry," said Mrs. Melwyn. Then, in her own fascinating voice, no longer sharpened by anger, "What have you to say for yourself, my son?"

"Only this, chère maman, and listen, listen faithfully, for I shall tell you only the truth of my angel. *She begged me not to love her.* And I promised her that I would *never* come to her until I was a man in my own right. And I am now. Oh, mother, did you measure me so slightly? Did you think that I went abroad for a six months' pleasure? No, indeed. I had but one thought at heart—to establish myself creditably, to place myself in working order, and with a working-man's fair wages, so that I could support a wife, the wife of my choice, the girl of my heart, my life-long treasure! And I can do so now. I have arranged every thing. I am a clerk, with a sufficient salary, and with the prospect of speedy preferment in the business firm of H——, F——, & Co., of Paris and New York. I am a free man. I have a right to seek Josephine." He paused. There was the silence of a moment.

Then, "What shall I do with these children?" said Mrs. Melwyn to Dr. Sanscroll, who, still standing at her side, held her hand. "You see, *they love each other.*"

"Let them be *married*," said Dr. Sanscroll, who, in view of his own prospects, at that moment felt as one "who stands on Pisgah's heights, and views the landscape o'er"—"let them be married, and I will perform the ceremony."

"And, Mrs. Melwyn," pleaded Aunt Rachel, speaking quite radiantly for "an invalid, an antediluvian, a being with one foot in the grave," "my niece Josephine will fulfill as your daughter all your demands upon that relation. For Josy is not only a good girl, she is an heiress. Years ago, madam, I had a friend who regarded me very tenderly, but whom, since I would not inflict upon him the burden of my lameness, I did not marry. He said he would make me happy in spite of myself, and he has kept his word, for he has made it possible for me to add to the happiness of one I love—*love very dearly.* A year ago he died in England, and left me the bulk of his property. I am a rich woman. Josy will have an ample marriage dower, and at my death she will inherit my entire possessions. Josy, dear child, I ought perhaps to have told you all this before, but, I hardly know why, I—I—" She was going to say "waited," but the word was stopped by a kiss—stopped by two kisses, one from Josephine, who with tearful eyes and soft embrace nestled to her side, and one from Harry, who, feeling his transport of assured love too sacred to be expressed to the girl of his heart excepting in solitude, kissed Aunt Rachel instead.

Dr. Sanscroll, moved by a similar sense of transport and assurance, acted differently. But no one knew that, save Mrs. Melwyn.

Every one was too happy at that moment to think of proverbs. It is only in disaster and perplexity that we pause at life's crossways to read those legends on the mile-stones of our race. But if Cupid had been passing, drawn into his own element by the three combined proofs of his own bewitching mastery—the bride hastened to the altar by pique; the lovers united, against all the "worldly" discipline and "cruel training" of avarice and ambitious plot; the woman endowed by a heart "faithful beyond death"—the smiling god would certainly have exclaimed, "Love laughs at locksmiths."

## SPIDERS.

Spiders are usually spoken of with aversion. They are ruthlessly trodden upon whenever they are so unfortunate as to come within reach of a human foot. But spiders do not deserve to have every man's hand and foot against them. They are not only exceedingly useful, but very interesting little creatures. It is not generally known that they have an ear for music. There are very few living creatures which are not capable of being influenced more or less by harmony; so it is not very surprising to find that spiders sometimes yield to the spell by which Arion charmed the dolphin. How the subtle influence acts upon the delicate organs of the spider it is impossible

to say. The sensations produced may be those of pleasure, or they may be analogous to those which are produced by the influence of mesmerism. Musical sounds, as we know, do not always give pleasure to the ears of the animal creation; so that we may be giving spiders the credit of listening to music from a pure love of harmony, when in reality they are held in a kind of trance, which lasts as long as the music continues. There is a story told of a captain of the Regiment of Navarre in connection with this subject. He had spoken too freely of Louvois, the French minister, and so was sent to prison. To relieve the tedium of his confinement he requested permission to have his lute. The instrument was given to him; and after four days' playing, not only did some mice come out of their holes to listen, but the spiders descended from their webs to form as strange an audience as ever a musician found before him. When the music ceased, mice and spiders retired; but each day they returned in increasing numbers as soon as the tones of the lute were heard. "I long doubted the truth of this story," says Sir John Hawkins; "but it was confirmed to me by Mr. P——, attendant of the Duchess of V——, a man of probity and merit, who played upon several instruments with the utmost excellence. He told me that being at ——, he went up into the chamber to refresh himself until supper-time; he had not played a quarter of an hour when he saw several spiders descend from the ceiling, which came and ranged themselves about the table to hear him play; at which he was greatly surprised. They remained on the table till some one came to tell him that supper was ready, when having ceased to play, he told me the creatures mounted to their webs, to which he would suffer no injury to be done. It was a diversion with which he often entertained himself out of curiosity."

As spiders are for the most part banished from every room where they are likely to hear music, opportunities are very seldom afforded of witnessing their behavior under its influence, but occasionally people are met with who do not share the general antipathy to these interesting and ill-used little creatures. A few years ago the writer had a conversation about spiders with the waiter at Messrs. Boffin's well-known dining-rooms in Oxford. This man had a pet spider, which lived in the sitting-room of his home, and he said that he could always induce it to come out of its hole by whistling. The little creature's web was carefully preserved from injury; and at the time this interesting circumstance was related to the writer, the spider was regarded as the pet of the family. Similar cases might, perhaps, be furnished by observant lovers of the animal world; but unfortunately very few people seem to be aware of the spider's partiality for music. If experiments were made with different kinds of instruments by skillful musicians, it is extremely probable that very interesting results might be obtained.

Some observers go so far as to say that reasoning powers are not confined to human beings, but that the creatures of the lower creation are capable of reasoning also. This opinion would certainly appear to receive confirmation from the behavior of spiders. For instance, take the following story, contributed lately by Dr. Laurence Hamilton to the London *Times*: "The incident," says Dr. Hamilton, "I witnessed myself. A boy removed a small spider to place it in the centre of a big spider's web which was hung among foliage, and distant some four feet from the ground. The larger animal soon rushed from its hiding-place under a leaf to attack the intruder, which ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured. The big insect gained rapidly upon its desired prey, the smaller creature. (Spiders are cannibals, notably the larger females, which are given to devouring their smaller male lovers.) But the little spider was equal to the occasion, for, when barely an inch ahead, it cut with one of its posterior legs the line *behind* itself, so that the stronger insect fell to the ground, thus affording time and opportunity for the diminutive spider to escape along the ascending rope of the web. This is not the only fact which seems to indicate that a spider's instinct may almost equal reason." Any one reading the foregoing might fairly be excused for attributing the clever escape of the little spider to reason. It is not the habit of spiders to cut the slender thread below them when they are ascending, to avoid some threatened danger. If a number of spiders were placed in a position similar to that described above, only one, perhaps, would be found to adopt the same mode of escape, even supposing they all tried to run up one of the ascending lines of the web. As a rule, spiders do not *run* from danger unless there is a hole close at hand—and a hole that is known to be unoccupied. The instinct of a spider prompts it to drop by a line drawn for the purpose from its spinning apparatus. So that the anecdote related by Dr. Hamilton points to reason and not to instinct in the little creature whose exploit he witnessed. It was instinct which led it to run away from the large spider; but it must have been something more than instinct which led it to sever the line, and so cut itself off from pursuit.

A window well covered with cobwebs, in which the occupiers are allowed to remain undisturbed by brush or duster, will afford a patient observer a very good field for studying the habits of some of the Arachnida. As far as the writer's experiments have gone, it would seem that some spiders only feed in the dark. As a rule, the presence of a fly struggling in the web is the signal for the owner to emerge from its cover and rush to the attack; but it will be found that flies may struggle in the webs of some spiders without any notice being taken of them while it is light. The writer on one occasion placed a fly in the web of a spider by gas-light, and although the entangled insect struggled vigorously to escape, thus shaking the threads in every direction, the spider in possession took no notice whatever of its presence. But as soon as the gas was turned out, the peculiar buzz was heard which a fly always makes as soon as it is seized in the web. The spider had gone down to secure its victim. However, as soon as the light was raised, it immediately left the fly barely secured, and returned once more to its hole. The light was again lowered and raised with the same result. Now this seems to prove very clearly that spiders *can* see.

It is well known to naturalists that some spiders catch their prey without the aid of webs, trusting solely to their agility in springing out cat-like on some unsuspecting fly. The fact that spiders can see, and see objects at some distance from them, is proved by the following incident, which the writer witnessed while feeding his spiders. An ordinary house-fly was placed in the web of a very small straw-colored spider, which immediately ran down from its hiding-place and seized the fly by one of its legs. Its intention was evidently to hold on until the fly was exhausted by its struggles. But the struggles were put an end to in an unexpected manner. In the corner of the window, two panes away from the small spider's web, dwelt a much larger spider. It saw the struggle going on, and then suddenly left its hole, ran across the intervening window-panes, and seizing the fly, killed it at once. The fly ceased struggling, and then began an amusing contest for its possession. The little spider had never relaxed its tenacious grip for a moment, and seemed determined to prevent its more powerful neighbor carrying off the fly. This the larger spider tried to do by means of a thread attached to the dead fly. But, strangely enough, its efforts were unavailing, and at length it abandoned the attempt, retreating to its own domain, and leaving the little spider in undisturbed possession. And yet the large spider was certainly in want of a meal, for it did not hesitate to seize a fly from the hand as soon as it was placed in the web. This is a somewhat unusual thing for any spider to do, since they are, as a rule, very shy of approaching a fly when it is held in their webs by the hand.

Another experiment showed the power of spiders to use their eyes. The writer on one occasion placed a lady-bird in the web of a large spider. The result was curious. Instead of at once attacking it, the spider approached the little red insect very cautiously; when it was quite close it paused, and then made a sort of peck at the lady-bird. After repeating this two or three times, the spider slowly put out one of its legs and touched the lady-bird on the back. This investigation evidently satisfied it that there was nothing worth having; for with that curious erratic movement so characteristic of the Arachnida, the spider left the little spotted beetle, and retreated to its hole under the gas-pipe.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### Calendar.

**JUNE.**

*Sunday*, 15.—First Sunday after Trinity.
*Sunday*, 22.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
*Tuesday*, 24.—St. John Baptist.
*Sunday*, 29.—Third Sunday after Trinity; St. Peter.

The International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada assembled in Baltimore May 21, and adjourned May 26. Mr. D. L. Moody was chosen president. The Convention was preceded by a meeting of the General Secretaries of American Associations held May 16–20. Among the distinguished persons present were M. Charles Fermand, of Geneva, who was elected last August chairman of the International Executive Committee, Mr. M. H. Hodder, of the London Association, and Mr. G. W. Marsh, of Melbourne, Australia. Nearly one-half of the 2400 Young Men's Christian Associations of the world are in the United States. The development of the plan of association has been more energetic here than in the Old World. More than one hundred of the American Associations employ salaried secretaries. Fifty-six buildings have been erected, at a cost of over $2,000,000. Libraries have been founded, classes in various branches of instruction formed, lectures delivered, counsel and help given to thousands of young men. The work in the United States has many ramifications, associations being organized among college students, commercial travellers, railroad workmen, German-speaking young men, and freedmen.

These facts, some of which are familiar, show the breadth of a movement which has already given a new aspect to the practical Christianity of our age, and which is yet far from being exhausted. At the opening meeting of the Convention in Association Hall, Baltimore, nearly four hundred delegates were present. The receipts of the Executive Committee for the year were $16,875, and the expenditures $16,873. Among the happy results of 1878 has been the formation of State Associations in the South. Reports were received from 553 Associations; of these, 400 report 65,420 members. Associations have been formed in Cairo, Beyrout, Jerusalem, Calcutta, Hong-Kong, and Yokohama. Sixteen secretaries are now engaged among railroad men. After an interesting session of several days' duration, the Convention adjourned on Saturday at midnight. The last meeting was held in the Mount Vernon M. E. Church, the service beginning at 9 P.M. The church was filled in every part, many persons remaining standing during the entire three hours.

The anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of England was held in Exeter Hall, London, May 5. Dr. Punshon, one of the General Secretaries, read the report, from which it appears that the income of the Society for 1878 was £133,333, and the expenditure £157,247. The central or principal stations maintained in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the West Indies number 378; connected with the stations are 2549 chapels and other preaching places. The ministers and assistant missionaries are 431, and other paid agents 1858. The aggregate of church members in the missions is 85,500, and in addition are 10,315 persons on trial for church membership.

The commission of Protestant Episcopal bishops of the United States, appointed for the purpose of examining the qualifications of the bishops elect of the Church of Jesus, in Mexico, have determined to consecrate the Rev. Dr. Henry Chauncey Riley, on June 24, in the city of Pittsburgh. Bishop Lee, of Delaware, will perform the consecration, and Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, will preach the sermon. The Rev. Tomas Valdespino, also bishop elect of this Mexican Church, was, after his arrival in New York, pronounced by physicians to be far gone in consumption. He left, May 17, for Vera Cruz to end his days in his native country.

In the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which met at Edinburgh May 5, the declaratory statement of doctrine which was read one year ago was, with a few verbal changes, adopted. It had been in the main approved by the Presbyteries. The statement has been reported in this column; it materially modifies the leading doctrinal positions of the Westminster Confession. The statistics of the Church showed 175,066 members; its income in 1878 was $1,836,940.

The report on foreign missions made to the Northern Presbyterian Assembly showed the receipts for 1878–79 to be $427,631; expenditures, $441,834. The deficit added to the deficiency of the preceding year leaves a total debt of $62,531. The Board has in forty-two years expended $9,760,000. A legacy which soon becomes available will, it is expected, pay the debt. The Freedmen's Committee's receipts for the year amounted to $57,167, and expenditures to $50,347. The committee has the care of 10,577 colored communicants, and employs forty-eight ordained missionaries, thirty-six of whom are colored. The Board of Church Erection reported its receipts for 1878–79 to be $87,450. The number of churches built by its aid during the year was 175. By a vote of 314 to 109 the Assembly decided not to transfer the Freedmen's Committee to the Home Mission Board. A resolution was unanimously adopted requesting Dr. Patton, of Chicago, not to accept the call to England recently made.

The Assembly appointed a committee to select thirty-two delegates to the General Alliance of Presbyterian Churches, which holds its next session in Philadelphia, September 21, 1880. Resolutions against the theatre-going of church members and the reading of secular papers on Sunday were adopted. The next session will be held in Madison, Wisconsin.

On the 27th the Assembly adjourned, after a session of twelve days. A resolution of resistance to the efforts of the Roman Catholic Church to obtain possession of the public schools was unanimously adopted; also another, re-affirming the deliverance of 1835 in relation to the hierarchy of the Church of Rome.

Following immediately the Presbyterians, the Baptists opened their anniversaries at Saratoga on May 27. The Foreign Missionary Union was, as usual, first in order. The receipts of the Union in 1878 were $235,430, and the expenditures $231,453. Several returned missionaries addressed the meeting; among them was the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the mission in the city of Rome. He has come home to obtain the funds for paying off a debt of $6000 on his chapel. The delegates from the Southern Baptist Convention were warmly received. Dr. Tucker, who spoke for the Southern delegation, expressed the opinion that in so large a country the two Baptist bodies ought not to be united.

Reference has been made in this Intelligence to the success of General Armstrong at Hampton, Virginia, in the education of Freedmen and Indians. A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* tells the story that one of the Indian students, walking not long since through the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, saw a plaster cast of himself. Thereby hangs a tale. Anthropologists have been solicitous to secure casts of Indian faces, and our government secured such casts from sixty-four Indian warriors imprisoned in the fortress of St. Augustine for murder and other outrages. They were Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arrapahoes, and Comanches. In time they came under the influence of Captain Pratt, were instructed in letters, and some of the younger men have been transferred to General Armstrong's school, where they are making good progress. In March of this year "twelve of the originals of the plaster casts" taken at St. Augustine were admitted to the Christian Church at Hampton. The incident that one of them, dressed in civilized garb, should meet in a national museum a plaster cast of himself, taken when he was a savage, is one not often paralleled.

At the recent meeting of the Protestant Episcopal Convention of the diocese of Massachusetts, three Congregational ministers offered themselves for ordination. One of them was the Rev. Mr. Abbott, formerly of the editorial staff of the *Congregationalist*.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church has now one thousand auxiliary societies. During its last fiscal year its contributions reached the sum of $88,000—an increase of $4000 over 1877.

St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia, has replied to the Diocesan Convention by holding "a requiem service for the soul" of the late Rev. Dr. De Koven.

The testimonial to the Rev. Bishop Horatio Potter, which is intended to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election to the diocese of New York, will consist of memorial plate, an address engrossed upon illuminated parchment, and a gift of money. The days fixed upon for the religious services and the presentation are the 22d and 25th of November next.

The British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts held its anniversary at Willis's Rooms, London, April 29. The income for 1878 falls off a little from that of the year preceding; the total receipts were £145,236. The long contention in relation to the appointment of missionaries may have had some effect in checking contributions. The number of missionaries engaged in the service of the Society is 567, of whom 135 are in Asia, 121 in Africa, 61 in Australia, 248 in America and the West Indies, and 2 in Europe.

The Religious Tract Society of London held its eightieth annual public meeting May 9. The issues of the year were 624 new publications, 217 of which were tracts. The total issues for the year were 70,341,750, and for the entire period of the society's existence are 1,853,341,750. The receipts of the year from all sources were £149,125, and the expenditures £145,930. Lord Shaftesbury presided at the meeting.

The Legislature of New York having adjourned, and the apprehension of a change in the excise laws being thereby removed, Dr. Crosby has promptly announced the intentions of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Briefly stated, the objective point of the Society is the New York Board of Excise Commissioners. "The main facts which citizens should now note," says Dr. Crosby, "are that the thousands of places which have the word 'hotel' over the door are not hotels, that our Excise Commissioners are guilty of this defiance of law and insult upon their fellow-citizens, and that with these Excise Commissioners the Society for the Prevention of Crime is now dealing." The Commissioners are already under prosecution. Another difficulty in the way of reform is the failure of the police to arrest open offenders. Their excuse is "that police testimony is not of any weight" in the courts. Still another difficulty is the smallness of the punishment given to offenders—only a fine of $25. The judges have the option of committing to prison. In this great undertaking Dr. Crosby needs the support of public opinion, and should have it. A pressure must be put upon Excise Commissioners, police officers, and some judges, to constrain them to do their duty faithfully, and no less pressure than that of the bulk of the city's population will suffice.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Last Sunday a Sunderland superintendent, after the lesson was closed, asked the little boys the following question from the smaller question-book: "Who knows better than father or mother?" A little five-year-old promptly responded, "I do."

A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant; "you may call it a wagon-load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

A lady in Fair Haven got her foot stuck in a soft spot in a concrete walk. Sing "Hey the merry maiden and the tar."

"Have you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied; "but I've a father in jail."

"We've moved into our own house, now," said Spilkins, "and have quit the pay-rent-al roof forever."

No man can ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

They were engaged in archery, and her attitude was very fine as she let fly the feathered arrow from the twanging bow. "William, are you hit?" she softly murmured. "Shot through the heart," he answered. "Do, William," she pleaded—"do, William, Tell." And thus it is that history repeats itself.

A boot-maker has this extraordinary announcement in the window: "Ladies will be sold as low as seventy-five cents a pair."

The newest thing in high art, girls, is to paint your brother's clay pipe a delicate sky-blue, with a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley on the bowl. If you haven't got a brother's clay pipe, some other girl's brother's clay pipe will do as well, or perhaps better.

An exchange contains the marriage notice of a Mr. and Miss Carr. We notice it merely as an instance of car coupling by a clergyman, which is something unusual.

A Rockland female calls her husband Mucilage, because he is such a stick.

"Irony" of the Law—Sentencing a blacksmith for "forgery."

Every young doctor must get on, if he only has patients.

Some men never lose their presence of mind. In New York a man threw his mother-in-law out of the window in the fifth story of a burning building, and carried a feather-bed down stairs in his arms.

A friend who called on a wag found him busily engaged in writing, with a pitcher of water before him. "An unusual companion, I suppose," jocosely observed the visitor. "No," was the reyly; "I keep it handy to water my wit." "Indeed," quickly added the other, "I thought it was thin enough already."

She gave him her fingers at parting,
And he tenderly pressed their tips;
And satisfied not, as he bolder became,
He lifted them to his lips.

His grasp grew ardently tighter,
And her face flushed rosily red,
And he swept a kiss from the proper place—
"From hand to mouth," he said.

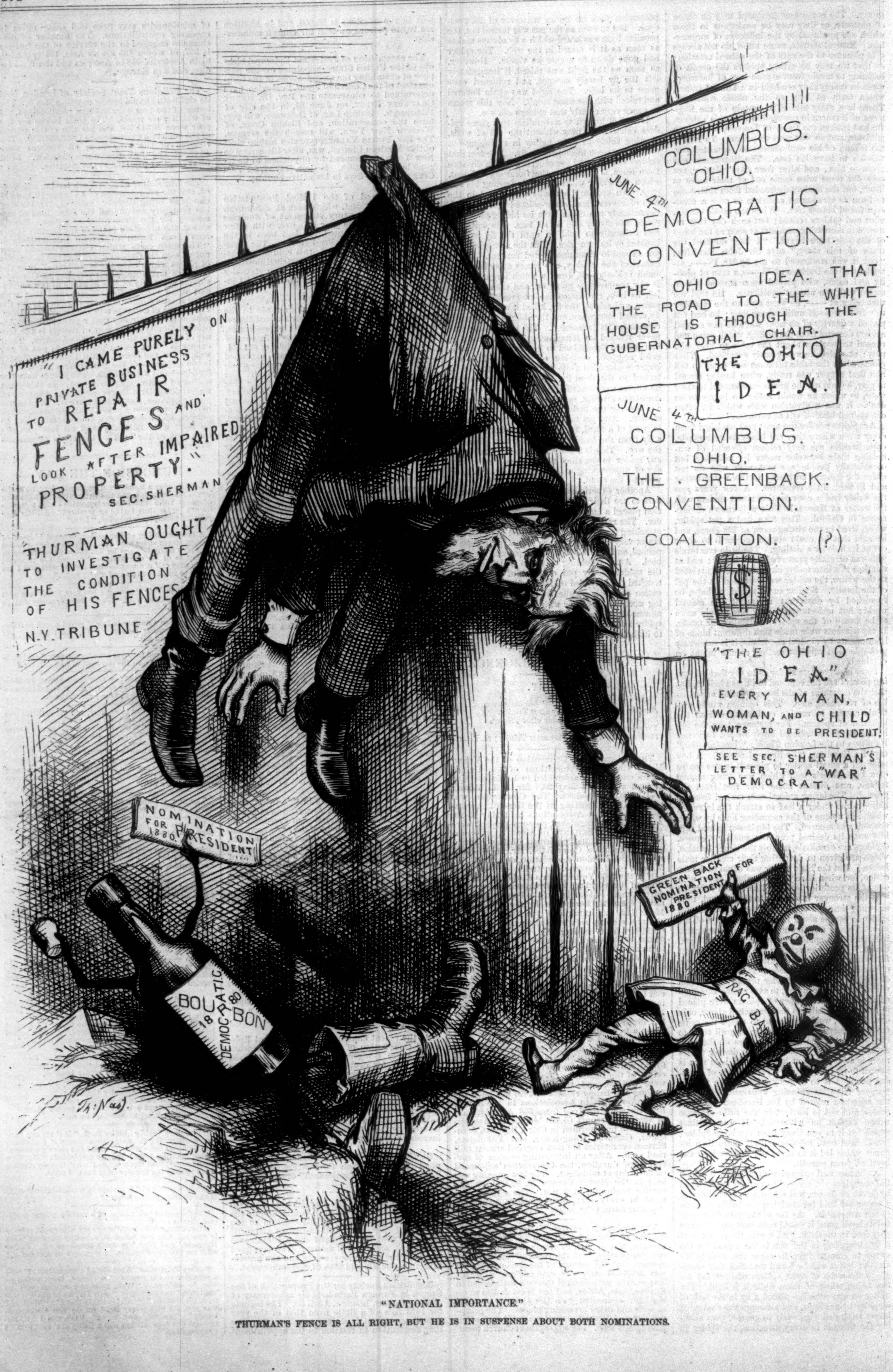
"Professor," said a cheeky Soph, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern professor, loving his little joke, promptly responded: "No, Sir; brass has no effect whatever on them;" thereby scoring three against the unsuspecting man of cribs.

When a pretty girl is attired in a wine-colored silk, is she an intoxicating beauty?

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself:

"Dear Sir,—Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."

Pulpit Themes.—"What shall I preach about?" said a minister to the pastor of a colored flock which he was to address. "Well, mos' any subject will be 'ceptable," was the reply; "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah! what is that?" "Well, ef I was you, I'd tech werry light on de Ten Commandments." "Indeed! and why?" "Oh, cos I hab notise dat dey mos' always hab a damp'nin' effect on de congregation."




"NATIONAL IMPORTANCE."

THURMAN'S FENCE IS ALL RIGHT, BUT HE IS IN SUSPENSE ABOUT BOTH NOMINATIONS.

THE CABOOL RIVER NEAR EMELALABADE.

## CLOSE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

The closing scenes of the Afghan war—that is, the interview between Yakoob Khan and Major Cavagnari, and the subsequent signing of the treaty of peace—took place at the camp in the Gaudamak Valley, a spot that for Englishmen possesses a historical interest of the most terrible character. Immediately at the base of the snow-clad Safed Koh, within four miles of the camp, is that memorable hill on which the poor European remnant of the Cabool force, thirty-seven years ago, made its final stand. There seventy men, chiefly from a single regiment, but including many officers, wearied, famine-stricken, and desperate, held at bay their ferocious Afghan pursuers, until, their ammunition being exhausted, the Afghans rushed upon them with knives, and slaughtered all but some half-dozen men, whom they took prisoners. Where those brave soldiers fell, there they lay until General Pollock's avenging army passed, and gave them such hasty sepulture as the time permitted. Incredible as it may seem, their bones still whiten the hill. The stones with which General Pollock's men concealed the ghastly sight have in the course of years been disturbed and displaced, and only recently parties sent specially from the present English camp have removed evidences of the combat, of which surviving Afghans still speak with marked respect.

Yakoob Khan made his appearance at the English camp on Thursday, May 8, great preparations having been made for his reception. Major Cavagnari left the camp at 6 A.M., with a guard of honor under Major Wood, consisting of fifty Hussars and fifty of the Guides Cavalry. All the troops in the camp were drawn up soon after on the Cabool road; the infantry, in extended files, at open order, forming up with the cavalry and artillery, which were in ordinary line of formation. The guard of honor was formed up by the road-side to await the Ameer, who was soon seen approaching with Mustaufi Habibullah, his minister of finance, and Douad Shah, a military officer of distinction, riding immediately behind him, and six of his nearest relatives in a line at a few paces distance. Major Cavagnari and his secretary awaited the Ameer in the road, and received him with a formal shake of the hand, the escort meanwhile saluting. A correspondent of the London *Times*, eye-witness of the scene, describes the Afghan ruler and his suite as follows: "The Ameer is a man of good appearance, looking his age, which is thirty-four. His features are of the usual Afghan aquiline type,

somewhat care-worn, but marked with character and resolution. He wore the usual Afghan cloak of light brown native material, but made to sit gracefully over his erect form. His trousers and boots were of European cut, and his head-dress was a close-fitting cap of Astrakhan wool with a tassel. He rode a handsome chestnut Turcoman charger, caparisoned with a European military saddle and bridle, and on which he sat gracefully. DAOUD SHAH is a heavy, uninteresting-looking man, of great stature, dressed in an ill-fitting Afghan cloak, with loose trousers, and English soldier's boots innocent of blacking. MUSTAUFI HABIBULLAH has no pretension to a military air, but looks like an ordinary Indian official. The suite of relatives were all young men, some of them showing marks of good birth and breeding, but otherwise not remarkable. HASHUM KHAN, sometimes, but mistakenly, called AHMED ALI KHAN, was regarded with some interest as being the Ameer's mother's nominee for the throne in opposition to YAKOOB. Physically, however, he is very inferior to Ameer YAKOOB, who looks every inch the important personage he is."

After the reception the cavalcade was soon re-formed, the Guides leading, followed by the Ameer and his two principal officers. Major CAVAGNARI rode on the Ameer's left, and Major WOOD on the right, both a little behind the Afghan ruler. The line of relatives followed them, a few mounted attendants and some hussars bringing up the rear. In this order the procession arrived within two miles of the camp, and entered the street formed by the troops, where Sir SAMUEL BROWNE joined it. The troops were in the best uniform which the exigencies of the transport service have permitted them to retain. Each regiment in turn presented arms, the bands playing the English national anthem, followed by the regimental quickstep. As the Ameer's tents were approached a royal salute was fired from a heavy battery, the last gun being fired just as the Ameer alighted at the tent. Here Major CAVAGNARI took leave of the Ameer, and left him to repose in quiet. Every thing went off well, and the Ameer could hardly fail to be pleased with the cordiality and marked respect with which he was received by the English. The guard of honor was in attendance at the tent, but with excellent taste was withdrawn after saluting.

On the afternoon of the same day Major CAVAGNARI paid his first visit of ceremony to YAKOOB KHAN. To save the Ameer unnecessary fatigue, it was arranged that Sir SAMUEL BROWNE should pay his visit at the same time. The latter was accompanied by Colonel MACGREGOR and his divisional staff; Major CAVAGNARI by his secretary, Mr. JENKYNS, who also performed the difficult part of interpreter. The English officers were received outside the Ameer's tent by MUSTAUFI HABIBULLAH and General DAOUD SHAH, and on entering were welcomed in due form by the Ameer. Sir SAMUEL BROWNE was accorded the place of honor on the Ameer's right, Major CAVAGNARI being seated next to him. On the left were the Ameer's two officers. After the usual inquiries as to health, etc., the names of the British officers present were mentioned to the Ameer by Major CAVAGNARI, who then handed him a "khareeta," or letter from the Viceroy, which the Ameer passed to MUSTAUFI HABIBULLAH, who forthwith opened the important and imposing document, and advancing close to the Ameer, proceeded to read its contents. This letter was the first personal communication made by the Viceroy to the Ameer. It was addressed to him under the style and title of "Ameer MOHAMMED YAKOOB KHAN, Wali of Cabool," thereby acknowledging him as *de facto* ruler of the country. This formal recognition of his position will undoubtedly be valuable to the Ameer in his present difficulties. The purport of the khareeta was to offer the Viceroy's condolences on the decease of SHERE ALI, and to introduce Major CAVAGNARI as the Viceroy's plenipotentiary during the approaching negotiations. After some further formal conversation, tea was handed round in small china cups, the attendant being careful never to turn his back on the Ameer. The British officers then withdrew, the Ameer shaking hands separately with each of them.

On Friday afternoon the Ameer returned the visit of the Englishmen. The Afghan ruler, who was dressed in the same plain but becoming costume described at the first meeting with Major CAVAGNARI, was, of course, received with a royal salute. The interview was held in Major CAVAGNARI's double-poled tent, which did duty as a durbar tent. The chairs were arranged in horse-shoe fashion, so as to avoid, in accordance with the required etiquette, assigning the Ameer a marked central position. On the Ameer's left sat Sir SAMUEL BROWNE and Major CAVAGNARI; on his right, General DAOUD SHAH, MUSTAUFI HABIBULLAH, Sirdar HASHUM KHAN, and five others, the Ameer's near relations. The British staff, about twenty in number, occupied places indiscriminately to the right and left and below those already mentioned. After some formal inquiries and conversation, the officers present were separately presented, and shook hands with the Ameer. The same correspondent from whom we have already quoted says, in connection with this scene: "I may record one observation made by the Ameer in the course of conversation, because it may be thought to convey a slight touch of irony or humor. He expressed a fear that the English officers had experienced much discomfort in advancing so far into a country like Afghanistan. This remark was judiciously answered by Major CAVAGNARI; and tea having been handed round, the Ameer took leave under the same formalities with which he had been received."

The two visits concluded the strictly ceremonial interviews between the Ameer and the British commander, and at the next meeting business was formally begun. The details of all that passed have not yet reached us, but we learn that the impression produced by the Ameer upon the English was exceedingly pleasant. He is said to have won "the good-will of the camp by his very dignified and correct demeanor, free alike from either cringing or swagger." The treaty was signed on Monday, May 26, its provisions being such as to reconcile it, as far as possible, to the Afghans without compromising the special advantages to England for which the war was undertaken. Great care has been taken not to imperil YAKOOB KHAN's position by demands which might excite the jealousy of his subjects. Great Britain demands no war indemnity. The Khyber and Mechni passes, which she annexes, run through the territory of independent tribes. In the assigned districts England will have the right to locate troops wherever she considers it necessary, and to construct military highways. The Ameer will act in subordination to the British relative to foreign relations and affairs with the intermediate frontier tribes. A British Resident at Cabool will forthwith be appointed. The treaty will give Great Britain the right to appoint Residents at Herat, Candahar, and other cities.

The quietude of the scene depicted in our engraving on the preceding page is in harmony with the peace that has now settled down upon Afghanistan; but we publish it as showing the spot where one of the great catastrophes of the war took place. At this point, near Emellalabade, on the Cabool River, a squadron of the Tenth Hussars undertook to cross on the 31st of March. Missing the ford, they were swept away by the current, some fifty men perishing in the terrible confusion that ensued.

WHEN applied with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, and accompanied with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as constitutional treatment, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy produces perfect cures of the worst cases of Catarrh. The instrument and two medicines sold by all Druggists.—[*Com.*]

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OTHER odorous waters undergo many variations of aroma as they fade into insipidity, but Murray & Lanman's Florida Water passes through no such gradations. As it is when sprinkled upon the handkerchief or the garment, so it remains—delicate, refreshing, and delightful to the last.—[*Com.*]

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E. P. DAGGETT.

MILFORD, ME., *June* 10, 1878.

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MRS. S. E. WHIPPLE.

DECATUR, MICH, *Nov.* 17, 1878.

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[*Copied from a Cartoon in a recent number of the "Pekin Illustrated Weekly."*]


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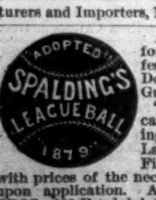


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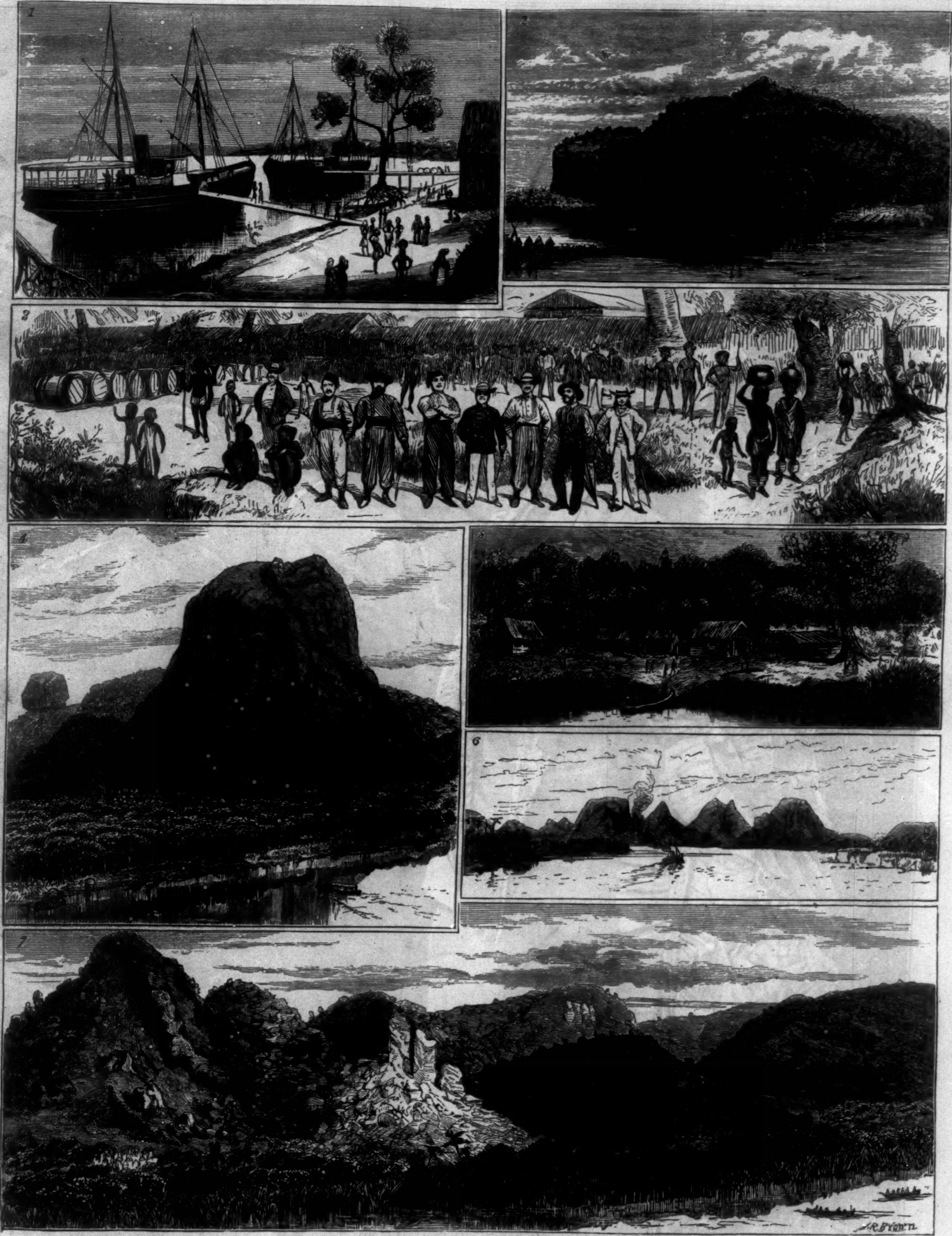



LIFE AND SCENERY ON THE RIVER NIGER.

## UP THE NIGER.

OUR first sketch represents two vessels loading at the port of Akassa, situated at the mouth of the Niger, preparatory to leaving on a trading voyage. The expedition, fitted out by several firms, usually starts about the end of June, when the river has risen sufficiently to allow the passage of vessels of light draught. There are several stations along the Niger where trading is carried on throughout the year; but it is only when the river rises that the steamers, which are built expressly for this traffic, can ascend with cargoes, and return loaded with the products of the country. This has to be accomplished within four months, as at the end of that time the river begins to fall again. During the dry season the water in the Niger is in many places scarcely over two feet in depth, and navigable by the lightest steam-launches only. The rainy season, however, always witnesses a return of trade, and the larger steamers ply constantly up and down the river.

The town of Edah, shown in sketch No. 2, consists of round huts, thickly built together, and covering the slope and cliffs. A small trade is done with the natives. Formerly some European traders were stationed here, but they were driven away by the jealous native inhabitants. The cliffs are high, in many places quite perpendicular. The different levels of the river during the rainy and the dry seasons are plainly marked on the face of these cliffs. From the deck of the trading steamer the people on the shore may be seen clustered in crowds, while the villages look like red mud heaps. On closer inspection they are found to be dry, well-ventilated, and comfortable dwellings.

Sketch No. 3 gives an idea of the general appearance of the town of Ouitsha—a place where several of the steamers discharge and load. The river here is deep enough for the steamers to moor close to the shore. The town is built on rising ground, and the climate is clear and temperate—entirely different from that of the lower part of the river, where the land is flat and swampy, owing to the overflow during the rainy season.

Mount Franklin, sketch No. 4, is a bold mass of rock rising to a great height directly from the river. In sketch No. 5 we have a view of a native village, showing the style of building that prevails on the banks of the Niger below Ahbaw, or Abo. The natives of this region paint their half-naked bodies with red ochre, sometimes with a plain coating, and sometimes in rings or other simple patterns. The women ornament their ankles with heavy ivory rings, some of which weigh several pounds. Others wear brass rings, whose polished surface shines bright against their chestnut-brown skin.

In sketch No. 6 we have a view of the mountains near Bofo; and in No. 7 one of Mount St. Michael, near Igbo. The peak rises to a height of about 400 feet, and the hills are studded with trees. A curious rock formation, like a wall, winds up the side and over the crest of the peak.

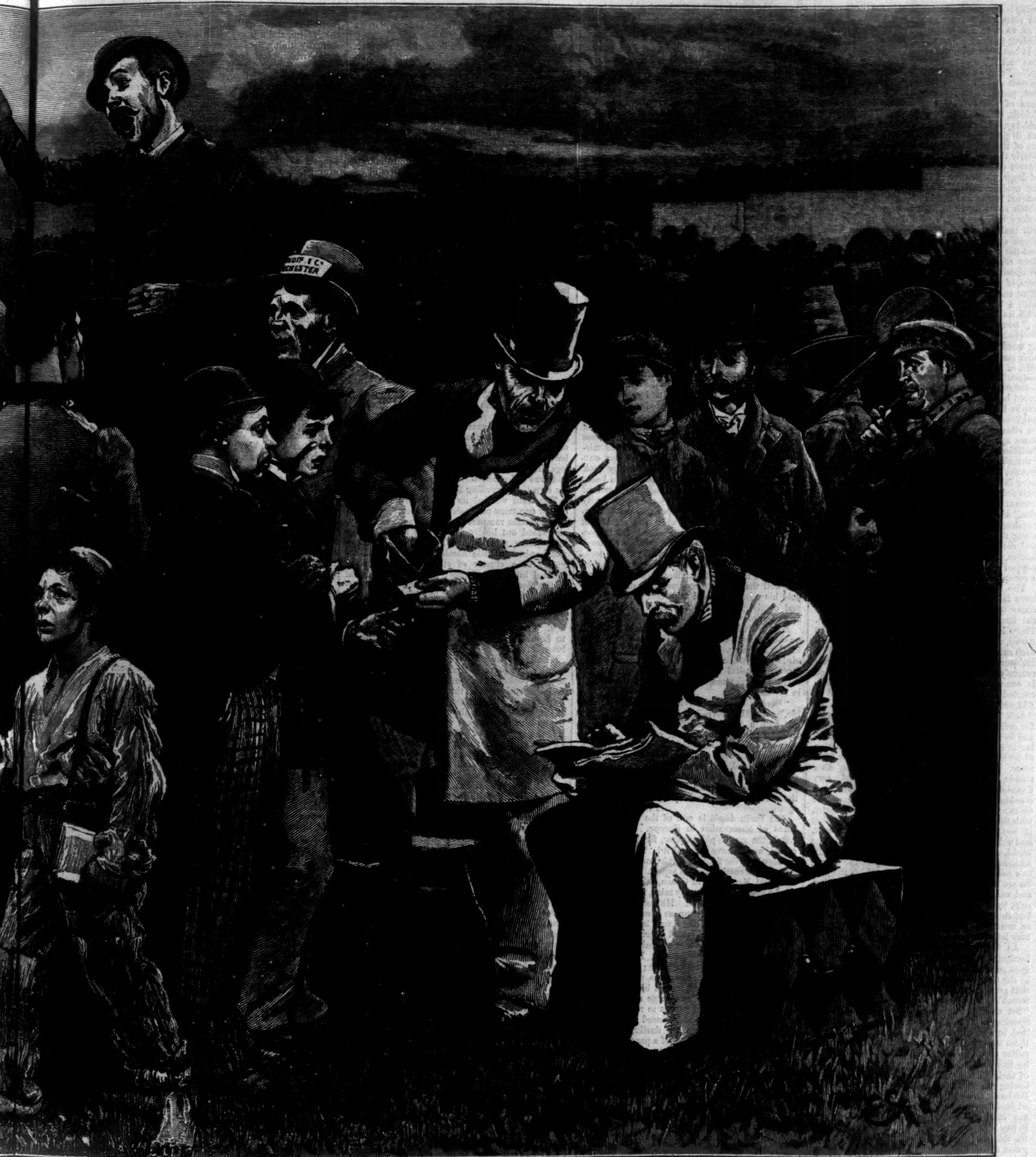
EPSOM DOWNS—"LIST ME

## HORSE-RACING AT EPSOM.

The delightful little town of Epsom, in Surrey, England, enjoyed a most attractive reputation and possessed a most entertaining history long before the neighboring Downs became the scene of the greatest race meetings in the world. It was doubtless owing to the bracing breezes, picturesque scenery, and hunting and hawking opportunities that Henry VIII. was so fond of resorting hither, and amusing himself in his two extensive and well-stocked parks. It was in the smaller of these that James I. built the once-renowned palace of Nonsuch; and there were few finer views in England than that the king could enjoy when on a fine day he sat carousing with his courtiers on one or other of the two tall turrets of that magnificent structure. Here also came Charles I. in the days when as yet there was no thought of Rump Parliaments and Roundheads. Oliver Cromwell, too, Puritan though he might be, appreciated Epsom, was not foolish enough to look upon horseflesh with disfavor, and kept some good brood-mares in the vicinity of the Downs. In 1670 that beautiful harpy, Barbara Palmer, whom Charles II. created Duchess of Cleveland, obtained by royal grant from the amorous monarch the palace referred to and its estates, and was dubbed Baroness of Nonsuch. Epsom was to England, in the days of the Merrie Monarch, what Brighton is now. That inimitable old gossip who flourished at the time, Mr. Pepys, says of it: "Rode through Epsom, the whole town, overseeing the various companies that were there walking, which is very pleasant, seeing how they are there without knowing what to do but only in the morning to drink the waters. But, Lord! to see how many I met there of citizens that I could not have thought to have seen there—that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down there."

No actual racing seems to have been done on the Downs till about the year 1711, when a Mr. Parkhurst instituted something like a regular meeting, which only became annual since 1730. Many years, however, passed away before the two great races associated with the little Surrey town were founded, the Derby taking its title from the sporting earl of that name who established it, and the "Oaks" being so designated from his seat in the immediate neighborhood. Epsom lies on the western verge of Banstead Downs, whereon is situated "the Oaks." This was originally an ale-house, but was purchased by General Burgoyne, of American renown, who added an elegant dining-room, and fitted up the place for a hunting seat. It was sold by the general to the Earl of Derby, who greatly enlarged the building, and inclosed so much of the adjoining common that at one time it was surrounded by grounds two miles in circumference. Here was given the famous fête champêtre in honor of the earl's first marriage, which furnished General Burgoyne with the subject of a musical entertainment, entitled *The Maid of the Oaks.* It wa
Earl of Derby originated "th
year following saw the inaugura
which has since become one of
and—if we may judge by the m
business, public and private, i
it takes place—one of the m
English institutions.

When the great race was f
was but a tame affair, there bei
ers in 1780. In the following
Eclipse—a son of the world-re
won, there were fifteen; but th
and 1794 fell as low as six and
and it was not till 1827, wh
Mameluke was victoriou, that



## ST MEN" ON DERBY-DAY.

ks. It was in 1779 that the nated "the Oaks," and the e inauguration of the Derby, me one of the most popular e by the manner in which all private, is suspended when of the most important of

ace was first established it , there being only nine start- following year, when young e world-renowned Eclipse— en; but the numbers in 1783 as six and four respectively, 1827, when Lord JERSEY's iou , that more than a score faced the starter. Since then double numbers have always prevailed, though only twelve came to the post in Wild Dayrell's year (1855), and the same number in 1873, when Mr. MERRY's Doncaster secured the prize. For the first half century of its existence the Derby can hardly be said to have been an event of national, and much less of cosmopolitan, interest. The excitement attending it was confined almost exclusively to strictly racing circles. During the last fifty years, however, it has gradually but surely attracted more and more attention, until now it seems to be looked upon as a matter of world-wide importance. Throughout England the Derby creates a *furor* of excitement, and men, women, and children are aroused to enthusiasm, though during the rest of the year they may be perfectly indifferent to racing and race-horses. Unlike the practice in the immortal PEPYS's time, when a "famous race" on Banstead Downs was "put off because the Lords do sit in Parliament to-day," both Houses of the legislature make Derby-day a holiday. And not alone in England is the great race regarded as the event of the year, but in all countries there seems to be a sort of breathless expectation that extends even outside of the racing fraternity. The result is telegraphed to America, India, Australia, as well as Europe, the moment it becomes known, and the name of the winning horse is for a time more famous than that of the most illustrious hero. One writer justly remarks: "A change of ministry or even of a dynasty could hardly stir men's minds with greater excitement; the winner secures for himself an equine immortality of fame—*volitat per ora virum*—and his name becomes as well known as that of the greatest statesman, lawyer, or theologian of his age, or as that of the greatest benefactor of humanity."

The great spring meeting at Epsom takes place in May, in the week succeeding Trinity-Sunday. Until 1838 the Derby was run on Thursday, and the Oaks on Friday. Now the great race of the year is run on Wednesday, which is a most judicious change in several respects. By this alteration the public have a day given them to recover from the turmoil and excitement of the Derby, and are thus enabled to enter with greater relish into the more quiet but not less pleasurable amusements of the Oaks day. This interval is also of great service to those who have fillies entered for both races. The old course, now seldom used except for the cup, is two miles, of an irregular circular form, the first mile up hill. The new Derby course, as it is called, is exactly a mile and a half, and somewhat in the form of a horseshoe. The first three-quarters of a mile may be considered as straight running, the bend in the course being very trifling, and the width very great; the next quarter of a mile is in a gradual turn, and is called Tattenham Corner; the last half mile from this is straight. The first half mile is on the ascent, the next third of a mile is level, and the remainder is on the descent, till within the distance, where the ground again rises. The